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"Dinghies" - "Messing About with Polytarp Sails"

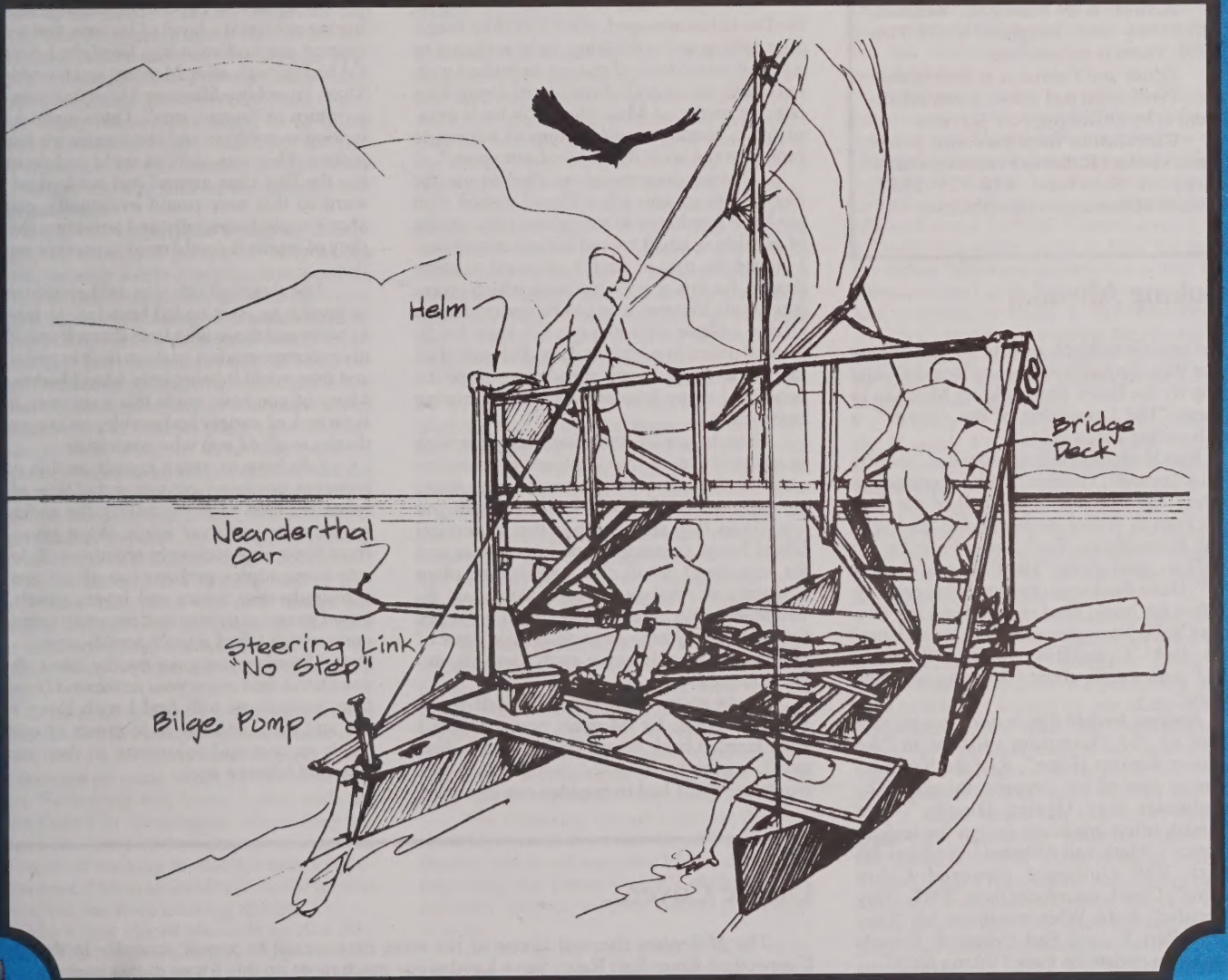
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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 20 - Number 2

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messing about in BOATS

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Looking Ahead...

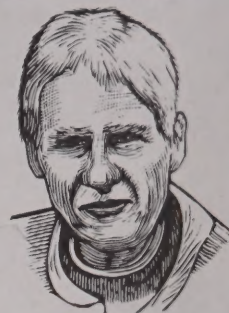
Greg Grundtisch reports on "The Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society Regatta"; and I drop by the Essex Shipbuilding Museum to witness "The Launching of the *Alewife*", a 1670s sailing cargo scow;

Ron Hoddinott tells us how it is "Sailing With a Legend"; Gordon South experiences a blustery day afloat in "Last Sail of the Season"; Francis Walter chronicles the "Delivery of the *Kassablanca Too*"; From *Fore An' Aft* (1927) we read about "The Pilgrim of the Pacific"; Dave Buckman concludes his cruising tale from his book, *Bucking the Tide*, in "Two Guys Cruise Narragansett Bay to New Hampshire - Part 3"; and Bill Gamblin's "Looking Back" series tells about "Steering with the Sheets";

Andreas Jordahl Rhude discusses his saving of an old Thompson sailboat in "An Oldtimer Returns Home"; Richard Kolin introduces one of his favorite things, "The Shoalwater Bay Oyster Dinghy"; Jim Michalak offers his latest design for review, "Caprice"; Mark van Abbema introduces his "Mark V39 Outboard Powered Cabin Sharpie"; Glen L introduces their "TNT... Tiny & Terrific"; Robb White continues his "Dinghies - Part 3"; and Phil Bolger & Friends bring us an update on their "Viking Ship".

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



In Issue #36 of David Stookey's *Open Water Rowing* magazine, he announces that he is bowing out after five years. David cited several reasons for this, amongst them, he had found that time for his own rowing was diminished by the need to spend time pursuing articles for the magazine, and that feeling that every outing he did undertake should be grist for the mill. To me the most telling reason was that he was finding that he was repeating himself, much as the major consumer magazines rerun the standard stuff year after year for newbies, all the "getting into" and "how to" topics. He said, "if my writing is beginning to seem repetitive to me, what must it seem like to my readers?"

But, open water rowers do not despair, for David has arranged, in his exit from magazine editing and publishing, to be replaced by a sort of consortium of rowing enthusiast writers under the overall direction of Doug Kidder, the owner of Maas Boats, "who is organizing a continent-wide group of editors to represent the wide diversity of our sport."

This announcement recalled to me the day five years ago when David visited with me for a few hours to talk about the realities of publishing small special interest magazines. I played the role of devil's advocate to some degree, for this is not a business which promises ample income, it has to be undertaken as a labor of love with just enough hope for financial return to sustain it. David absorbed all the bad news and went ahead anyway, to the benefit of many who are open water rowing enthusiasts.

The danger of repeating oneself is high in any publication which intends to cover too narrowly focussed an activity, and open water rowing certainly is that. How much can you say about this sport before that repetition David found creeping up on him sets in, and for how long? Small club newsletters, often quarterly or even bi-annually published by volunteers who come and go, with no hopes for earning anything more than their costs of publication usually serve such narrowly defined interests.

I have gotten away with this small magazine publishing for 44 years now because I soon learned back when I launched my first small, narrowly focussed motorcycle sport magazine that I had to broaden out its cover-

age beyond the particular way I played that game to include the many other ways that sport is played, and also to reach outside of my own New England focus. I quickly acquired "freelance" writers and photographers, who I could not afford to pay, who had their own activities and events they wished to see in print.

Over the 24 years of publishing my two different magazines catering to motorcycling sport, I never ran into any danger of repeating myself, as the activity was so vigorously growing that it constantly generated new issues and happenings. My comments thus ranged far and wide, as did the feature stories I personally wrote.

With all this experience behind me, and having achieved a level of income that would support our undemanding lifestyle, I decided I'd had enough after 24 years and bowed out. Then, launching *Messing About in Boats* was a return to "square one". Once again I was writing everything and once again we had no money. This was okay as we'd had so much fun the first time around that we looked forward to this new round eventually getting above water financially and attracting the variety of inputs it would need to prevent repetition.

The choice of title was deliberately made to invoke an open ended broadguage interest in boats and those who love them. It was done to encourage readers to share their experiences and thus avoid it being only what I had to say. Many of you have made this a success, there is no lack of variety and novelty on our pages, thanks to all of you who contribute.

I do have to watch myself on this page, however, because I am now at that time of life when we tend to enjoy telling the same old stories over and over again. What saves me from becoming tediously repetitive (I do get into some topics perhaps too often) are the constantly new topics and issues which our broad guage activities and interests generate, upon which I find myself pontificating. David Stookey just gave me the latest, thank you David, and enjoy your newfound freedom from journalistic toil. And I wish Doug Kidder and his continent-wide group of editors much success and enjoyment in their newly acquired labor of love.

On the Cover...

The *Millenium Buzzard* is one of the more exotic craft to appear annually in the Great Connecticut River Raft Race, Steve Layden has much more on this for us in this issue.



Although wooden passenger vessels help keep our maritime heritage and traditions alive, Coast Guard statistics indicate that the casualty rate is proportionately much higher for inspected wooden passenger vessels than for inspected passenger vessels built of other materials. This is bad.

A study of these statistics indicate hull failure as the major cause of casualties and the fact that the average age of the vessels suffering hull failure casualties is 38 years indicates a serious problem with our Coast Guard inspection system. However the Coast Guard is not solely responsible. Many of us in the industry knew that Coast Guard did not give their inspectors proper training or experience long before the statistics or the current new rules came out.

However, rather than trying to change things, we remained passive as long as the vessels we each worked on passed inspection. It was our passiveness that allowed the Coast Guards system of training its wooden boat inspectors to become, and remain, totally inept. It was also our passiveness that allowed the Coast Guard to implement the latest new rules. In short, these require any new wooden vessel that carries more than six passengers and operates in cold water to have four built-in, water-tight bulkheads. When coupled with the Coast Guard's regulations concerning means of escape from compartments, this new regulation reduces any new, small wooden passenger vessel that is intended for use in cold water to little more than a floating box of ladders. These new rules will only hinder our industry and not help the problem. We now owe it to ourselves, our industry and to the passengers on wooden vessels to demand a change.

After reading an article that appeared in *WoodenBoat* #161 which explained these new rules, I sent a letter to my Senator, John Kerry, that brought up some issues I had concerning them. Following this letter, I met with the Coast Guard in Washington where they explained that most of their inspectors received one week of training in wooden boat inspection school. This is an insult to those of us who have spent our lives learning the art.

The Coast Guard also told us that they had sent five hundred people to school to conduct six hundred wooden hull exams a year.

A Look at the Crisis in USCG Wooden Vessel Inspections

By Harold Burnham

Knowing this, it is no wonder that wooden boat inspectors lack experience. If the Coast Guard had sent ten wooden boat inspectors to fifty weeks of school and let those ten inspectors gain the necessary experience by doing all of the wooden hull exams, we would not have any hull failure accidents on wooden boats.

As the Coast Guard statistics clearly indicate, the new rules will have little effect on wooden passenger vessel safety. Further, their failure to even address the issue of inspection leads me to believe that they feel they had more important things to deal with than wooden boat safety. Sadly, in the wake of the September 11 tragedies I must admit they do.

Rather than forgetting about the safety of wooden passenger vessels, I have been working with some local inspectors from Boston. While I have been sharing with them what I know about wooden boats, they have given me some insight about the Coast Guard. What I have discovered is that although there are those in Washington who would resist change, most Coast Guard inspectors I talk to encourage it. Many of them recognized faults with the system and mention that this subject should have been brought up years ago.

Luckily in this country it is never too late to do the right thing and these problems are not hard to solve. However, we must first get them recognized. Currently, under-trained and inexperienced inspectors are being asked to make decisions that our industry and our lives depend on. It is up to us to help them get the training and experience they need.

The following remarks address the concerns I have with these new Coast Guard regulations, and some concerns I have developed regarding the Coast Guard's ability to adequately inspect wooden hulled passenger vessels.

As far as my background goes, while growing up in Essex, Massachusetts, it only

seemed natural that I would play some role in our town's shipbuilding industry as my ancestors have been doing for the past eleven generations or so. Unfortunately, back then, although the appeal for wooden boats was growing, the market for new ones was shrinking at an alarming rate. I therefore found myself at Massachusetts Maritime Academy, pursuing a career in the merchant marines.

At the same time I never gave up my dream of building wooden boats in Essex and when not at school or at sea, I continued to build and rebuild boats. Two of these vessels were small, authentic New England fishing sloops I used to start a charter business taking people lobstering under sail. In 1996, using my business as a model, Captain Tom Ellis of Gloucester, Massachusetts, hired me to design and build him an authentic representation of a Gloucester fishing schooner for commercial passenger use.

Ten months later, the *Thomas E. Lannon* was launched and immediately became recognized as a landmark by the people of Gloucester. Her constant presence in the harbor serves not only as a reminder of the role Essex-built schooners played in the fisheries, but also of the role the fisheries played in Gloucester. What is more is that with the *Lannon's* success, and afterwards my successful completion of the Chebacco boat *Lewis H. Story*, which I built for the Essex Historical Society, I am hoping to keep our town's shipbuilding heritage alive for at least one more generation building traditional historic replicas and representations for commercial passenger use.

Although when I started building the *Lannon* most folks thought I was crazy, with her success a lot of people have become quite optimistic about my career as a shipbuilder. I have received a good deal of national and international media coverage and recently, the Massachusetts Cultural Council awarded me a Traditional Artist Grant to help me pursue my dream. More importantly, last winter I was commissioned to do a preliminary design of, and proposal to build, a representation of America's first naval warship, the *Hannah*, for a party hoping to use her out of Beverly, Massachusetts, in a similar manner as the *Lannon* is used out of Gloucester.

I bring all this up because in designing the *Hannah*, I discovered the new, unnecessary, restrictive and burdensome regulations concerning wooden boats which came into effect on March 11th of this year. What is equally concerning is that in researching this regulation, I have developed doubts about the Coast Guard's ability to insure the safety of our wooden passenger vessels.

As far as the new regulation goes, it took me quite some time to figure it all out. I must congratulate Matt Murphy, editor of *WoodenBoat* magazine, for publishing an article which was written by one of the bureaucrats who helped make the regulations. In short, the regulation requires any new wooden vessel that carries more than six passengers and operates in cold water to have four (the article states three, but it is four) built-in, water-tight bulkheads. What the article does not mention is that when coupled with the Coast Guard's regulations concerning means of escape from compartments, this new regulation reduces any new, small wooden passenger vessel that is intended for use in cold water to little more than a floating box of lad

ders. This is the reason why vessels under 65' have never been subject to the regulations requiring subdivision (watertight compartmentation) and why vessels that are built of steel, fiberglass, aluminum or any other material are not required to have subdivision today.

There are many aspects of this regulation that bother me beyond its stifling nature. First, it arbitrarily addresses wood as if wood were one material and second, it arbitrarily addresses traditional construction as if there were only one way to build a wooden boat. It is basic knowledge that there are different kinds of wood and that the properties of different species of wood, such as oak and balsa, are as different as the properties of fiberglass and aluminum. It is also basic knowledge that there are many traditional ways to build a wooden boat which utilize the different types of wood in different ways, and it is again arbitrary to classify all traditional methods as one.

Further, to lump all mechanical fasteners including screws, nails and trunnels (and although not specifically mentioned in the regulation, bolts and rivets) as if they were all the same without even mentioning what material these mechanical fasteners were made out of is also arbitrary. It is basic knowledge that there is a difference between a wooden trunnel, an iron nail, a bronze bolt and a copper rivet, and the fact that the new regulation does not recognize any of this only proves the total ignorance of those responsible for its writing.

What upset me more is that when I started calling the Coast Guard, the reason I was given for the institution of this "equivalency" was that USCG inspected wooden passenger vessels were "losing planks". This is not logical. Equivalency means equal and anyone who has ever been to sea knows a sound, stable hull is equal to a sound, stable hull no matter what it is built out of. However, it is basic knowledge that an unsound hull is only equal to a death trap and a wooden vessel subject to losing planks is not and cannot be considered a sound hull whether it has bulkheads or not.

On most conventionally-built, small wooden passenger vessels with longitudinal planking and transverse frames, it would be rare to find a plank which would not cross at least one of the bulkheads required by the rules for subdivision. Therefore, the "loss" of almost any plank on almost any boat subject to the equivalency would cause the flooding of not one, but two compartments, and the sinking of the vessel in spite of the bulkheads. Then, of course, there is that cold water thing! If there was ever a pile of bureaucratic nonsense, this is it. A sinking vessel is a very dangerous thing, and whether the water is fifty-eight degrees or sixty-one hardly matters. The only way to insure the safety of a wooden hull is to insure that the planks will not fall off.

Thankfully, the wooden boat building industry has developed standards of construction to insure that our vessels are sound and that if they are properly maintained, they will remain so throughout their active lives.

So, in looking at this regulation, there were three questions I asked myself. The first was: "Where did these ridiculous regulations come from?" The second was: "Why, with our time-honored standards, are Coast Guard-inspected passenger vessels losing planks?" And thirdly, I asked myself: What

has the Coast Guard done, beyond making these ridiculous regulations, to solve the real problem, which was of course the fact that planks were falling off Coast Guard-inspected wooden boats.

The answer to the first two questions became readily apparent in the accident report of the *El Toro II*. The *El Toro II* was a 34-year-old USCG-inspected passenger vessel which sank near Point Lookout, Maryland, on December 5, 1993, killing two of its passengers and one of its crew. Listed in Appendix C of this report are six other wooden USCG-inspected passenger vessels which sank due to hull failure between 1973 and 1989. For some reason, it seems as if the *El Toro II* casualty drew a lot more attention to the issue of wooden boat safety than did the other casualties. What caused the *El Toro II* accident was that she "lost" three planks due to failed fastenings. Interestingly, she was a deadrise (a type of boat with short transverse bottom planking) that happened to have five bulkheads and if these bulkheads had been made watertight, they may have kept her afloat until help arrived. Finally, it is also interesting to note that the cause of the three deaths was hypothermia (exposure to cold water).

This latest regulation, which threatens my business building historic replicas and representations of indigenous New England schooners out of only the best available materials, is nothing more than a kneejerk reaction to the sinking of a 34-year-old iron nail-fastened Chesapeake Bay deadrise that the Coast Guard, by all rights, should have condemned before it left port.

From where I stand, the Coast Guard totally missed the boat with their regulations. Given the fact that the vessels listed in the report that sank due to hull failure averaged thirty-eight years of age, I see nothing wrong with the viability of wood as a construction material for passenger vessels. The truth is that most of those vessels were probably not built to last that long and anyone with even modest intellect can see that the Coast Guard inspectors were greatly lacking in their ability to detect an unsound hull. Yet, what is the Coast Guard's response to these accidents? They blamed the hull material, the manufacturers, and while they were at it, they blamed the water temperature. Isn't it strange that we are faced with these kind of regulations when the regulatory body itself is largely responsible for the accidents.

Although I do not recognize deadrise construction as the best, these boats are about as simple and straightforward as wooden boats get. There are very few planks on the bottom of these boats that have any shape at all and there wasn't a plank on the bottom of the *El Toro II* that was more than 8' long. Further, as none of her planks were fastened at more than five points, even a marginally-experienced boat carpenter should have been able to pull almost any one of the vessel's bottom planks and replace it with another one in just a few hours. Doing this in front of the Coast Guard inspector would have allowed the inspector to check not only the condition of the fasteners, but the frames, stringers and chines as well. As terrible as it sounds, given the condition of the fasteners, the Coast Guard inspector should have been able to remove a plank himself by giving it a good kick from the inside.

My seven-year-old son can tell you if you put an iron nail in salt water it will rust, and

the fact that the Coast Guard inspector who looked at the *El Toro II* nine months before the accident didn't pull any planks can only be attributed to total incompetence. Furthermore, the fact that the inspector didn't even check the fastenings in spite of the fact that the previous inspector told him to do so in the last drydock report can only be attributed to negligence. Also, that the previous inspector didn't remove any planks or fasteners himself when he suggested that the next inspector should can only be attributed to more incompetence and negligence.

Add to this that six other Coast Guard-inspected wooden passenger vessels sank due to hull failure can only be attributed to an entirely failed system. What really bothers me most, however, is that the bureaucratic response to these accidents was more ignorant and negligent than the failed inspections.

Looking at the 1996 Federal Register it appears that at the same time the Coast Guard was coming up with this "construction equivalency" for new wooden hulls, they were attempting to make wooden boats safer by reducing the drydock interval for wooden vessels over twenty years old, as if having your vessel inspected by an incompetent every year instead of every two years is actually going to help.

The *El Toro II* sank less than nine months after her last inspection. The Coast Guard received a number of comments on this. Some folks believed "the 20-year age requirement is arbitrary and not supported by casualty statistics". Others said "age has nothing to do with a well-maintained vessel, regardless of hull material". Still others said "if Coast Guard inspectors knew what they were looking at, ill-maintained vessels would be found, and all wood vessels would not have to be targeted".

Considering these comments, those in charge of the new rules decided not to require the reduced drydock interval for wooden passenger vessels. Part of their response states that "since the *El Toro II* casualty in December 1993, the Coast Guard has revised Navigational and Vessel Inspection Circular (NVIC) No. 1-63, *Notes On Inspection And Repair Of Wooden Hulls*, "to provide more detailed and current guidance on the inspection of wooden hulls. This should enable Coast Guard OCMIs to better target the marginally maintained wooden vessels within their zones and allow them to reduce the drydock inspection interval on select vessels when there is sufficient evidence of lack of maintenance."

Hooray for the NVIC! It seems that the bureaucrats in the Coast Guard felt that because of the revised NVIC, they could ignore everything that the industry was telling them about inspectors not knowing what they were looking at and that there would be no more "lost" planks. At the same time, the bureaucrats could still justify the existence of their proposed construction equivalency as they didn't get any comments on this.

This was about as logical as kicking a dead horse and the trouble is that I was just sleeping. Although I must admit this kick has got me a bit miffed, I feel a moral obligation not only to try to eliminate the equivalency, but to do something to help solve the real problem before anyone else is killed.

The reason the wooden boat building industry didn't comment on the proposed regulation in the Federal Register is that there really isn't a major wooden boat building indus-

try left and that none of us building boats have been reading the Federal Register. In fact, I only know of four vessels built in the past five years that would be affected by the new regulations.

However, two of these vessels were replicas of important historic sailing vessels that serve as icons of their communities. Further, although we don't pay as much attention to the regulatory process as we probably should, those of us building these vessels are also well-respected members of our communities, known for our integrity and our love for our craft. Keeping our traditions alive is not an easy task yet we feel it is an important one and we are going to do whatever it takes to preserve this important aspect of our maritime heritage.

Interestingly, most of the wooden boat building industry now looks at the use of iron fastenings in a new wooden boat as bad practice and most of the vessels we are building today are not the problem ones that the Coast Guard is having difficulty detecting, but some of the finest examples of American watercraft ever created. In my case, I use nothing but the best available materials including all bronze and locust trunnel fastenings in the hope that these vessels will not only represent our heritage, but will also reflect on our own integrity for generations to come. On the other hand, no matter how well we build our boats, at some point these vessels will need a regulatory body capable of insuring that they are properly maintained, or all of our efforts will be in vain.

So why is it that I do not believe the NVIC solved the problem? Well, having looked NVIC over, I feel it is an excellent publication. The trouble is that most of the material contained in it has been available to the public and to Coast Guard inspectors for a long, long time. In fact, much of the information in the NVIC was rehashed and condensed from a Navy publication that was written just after World War II. The ugly truth is that the problem with Coast Guard-inspected passenger vessels is not what the Coast Guard doesn't know, but what it has forgotten and in the long run, more regulations and publications will do little to fix this.

The first paragraph of Chapter Four of the NVIC reads, "Inspection of wooden vessel construction requires knowledge and judgment. Inspection is made to determine that the vessel is safe and has reasonable chance of remaining so until the next scheduled inspection. A good basic knowledge of wood construction and the deficiencies to which it is susceptible is essential."

For years I have heard stories about incompetent Coast Guard inspectors; my favorite is the one about the guy who dug away at the trunnel in the Essex-built schooner *Roseway* (a national historic landmark built in 1925) for half an hour looking for the fastening underneath it. What is worse is that I am still hearing these stories. In 1997, after the *El Toro II*, and after NVIC was revised, the Coast Guard officer inspecting the passenger schooner *Thomas E. Lannon* that I was building here in Essex, Massachusetts, asked me if I was using locally grown mahogany in the topside planking! Although stories like this seem absurd, given their frequency, I cannot blame the individual inspectors for their incompetence.

From talking with Coast Guard inspectors and people in the industry whom have

worked closer to the Coast Guard than I, it seems that there are three reasons inspectors are not gaining that basic knowledge of wooden boat construction. The first reason is that inspections are all done within districts and that a man might be inspecting a tank barge one day and a wooden passenger boat the next. Therefore, as wooden boats are becoming scarcer, inspectors are not getting enough exposure to them to gain the necessary experience to make proper inspections or logical conclusions about their seaworthiness. The second reason is that inspectors are being regularly transferred all around by the Coast Guard so that by the time an inspector learns a little about wooden boats, he gets transferred. The third reason is that inspectors learn a lot of basics overseeing new construction and as there aren't many new wooden vessels being built, most current inspectors are missing this very important part of their education. Obviously, when you combine these three factors, what you wind up with is the *El Toro II* accident.

The 1994 NTSB report on the *El Toro II* stated that the Coast Guard inspected about 1,400 wooden passenger vessels a year and that at least 1,000 of these were over 15 years old. Given that few wooden vessels are built today and that after the accident, the Coast Guard stepped up inspection procedures on wooden boats, this number has in all probability been reduced considerably. However, given that many small wooden passenger vessels are also national historic landmarks and icons of our maritime heritage, I believe that number will never approach zero.

It seems to me that as long as we have any wooden commercial passenger vessels out there, none of them will be safe unless they are inspected by people who possess that "basic knowledge" mentioned above, and as time goes by, the wooden boats out there are getting older and older, so having good inspectors is becoming more essential with every passing year. What I suggest is that the Coast Guard pick a handful of its most knowledgeable inspectors and charge them with the drydock inspections of all wooden-hulled vessels. Further, I suggest that they leave these wooden boat inspectors in their positions until they retire. Finally, I would suggest that this ridiculous construction equivalency be removed as quickly as possible in order to help benefit inspectors with the experience gained from witnessing the construction of wooden boats.

One inspector told me he learned more inspecting a vessel's construction than he ever did in the schools or doing inspections in the field and I honestly believe that the Coast Guard's flagrant attempt at snuffing out the remaining embers of our industry is not only sad and pathetic, but dangerous as well.

Most builders, myself included, would be glad to discuss our methods with inspectors and help to educate them in any way we can, for we know that when we are through, the safety of our vessels will largely rely on their judgment. What I dream of is a day when Coast Guard inspectors possess that basic knowledge to provide helpful advice to people like me who are building boats.

In conclusion, I would say that although a sound wooden vessel is equivalent to a vessel built of any other material, for preserving our maritime heritage and culture there is no equivalent to a traditional wooden boat.

Like to Hear More from Harold?

Harold Burnham, along with Mike Rutstein, will be talking on Tuesday, June 11 at 7:30pm in the Waterline Center at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Essex, Massachusetts, about the *Fame*, Mike's new boat being built by Harold for the charter trade in Salem. It is a 55' reconstruction of a very successful Essex built schooner that sailed out of Salem as a privateer during the War of 1812. For more information or directions, call (978) 768-7541 MWF 10 - 4, or leave a message for a return call anytime.

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We're Back on the Waterway Again!

My wife Margaret and I traveled the ICW (Ditch, Intercoastal Waterway) from Virginia to south Florida this past year for the first time in *Traveller*, our 1980 32' Evasion Beneteau Ketch Motor-Sailer. We were totally entranced with the beauty and diversity of the waterway. We penned this song that we sang each day as we re-entered the waterway. It sounds better after the second cup of coffee! We would like to share this (at no cost) with other boaters who enjoy this same ICW experience. (Sung to the tune of "We're Back in the Saddle Again").

We're back in the waterway again,
Back where the markers are our friends,
Where the dolphins often play and
seabirds swoop and sway,
We're back in the waterway again!

We're back in the waterway again,
Back where fellow boaters are our friends,
Where the tides come and go and
sea breezes often blow,
We're back in the waterway again!

We're back in the waterway again,
Back where new adventures can begin,
Where we're free as the breeze and
can travel as we please,
We're back in the waterway again!

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Information of Interest...

LCMM Small Boat Show Coming Soon

The Lake Champlain Maritime Museum will host our annual Small Boat Show on July 6 and 7. We look forward to meeting new exhibitors and to welcoming back old friends. Our Small Boat Show has earned a reputation as one that provides great promotional opportunities, superb organization and a spirit of camaraderie among visitors and boat builders alike.

Our 2002 Small Boat Show will continue to celebrate the living tradition of boatbuilding. In conjunction with this year's event we will premier a new museum exhibit titled "Boatbuilding in the Champlain Valley", the first comprehensive overview of Lake Champlain's historic vessels. As an added attraction for visitors and to raise funds for museum programming, we will host a "Shipyard Sale" offering used but still serviceable boats and accessories. We welcome donations of goods or equipment!

We are proud of our relaxed and friendly environment and stunning location, and hope that you will join us at this year's event.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022.

What Happens at Atlantic Challenge Foundation

Here at Atlantic Challenge Foundation, we build wooden boats, teach people to sail, connect people with their maritime heritage, offer community rowing and boating opportunities, teach traditional skills, run leadership expeditions and involve people of all ages in community building activities.

Why do we do all of this? The smile on a 10 year-old's face after a perfect docking. The look of pride and accomplishment when an apprentice launches that first boat. The confident walk of youth returning from leadership expeditions. The look that passes between a middle school youngster and marine mentor when together, they've worked out the answer to a difficult problem. These moments make all we do well worth the effort!

Daily, we watch young people and adults alike take part in our programs. As they grow and work together, we see them discover their worth in a team, their own abilities and strengths. They emerge from their experiences as stronger individuals with a sense of their connectedness and worth in the community.

The connection to traditional skills and maritime history gives a solid anchor while self-confidence and skills give individuals the tools to soar.

We invite you to join others in supporting our valuable community programs.

\$50 provides a middle school youngster with two weeks of marine mentoring.

\$75 funds a lecture presentation for the community.

\$100 maintains a youth sailing boat.

\$175 teaches a young person to sail.

\$250 maintains a keel boat for adult sailing.

\$500 buys supplies for an expedition.

\$1,000 buys wood for apprentices to build boats.

Thank you for your generous support! Atlantic Challenge Foundation is a not-for-profit 501(c)(3) educational institution. Your donation is tax deductible.

Atlantic Challenge Foundation, 643 Main St. Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800, www.atlanticchallenge.com, <info@atlanticchallenge.com>

Southern Boatbuilders Neglected

So little has been written about southern boatbuilders that I thought it might interest some readers to know about the following book:

Andrew Jackson Higgins & the Boats That Won World War II, by Jerry E. Strahan. The author details the engineering and manufacturing innovations of this forgotten pioneer in boatbuilding.

It's on sale for \$11.95 through July 31, 2002. Cat # STJACP from the Louisiana State University Press, P.O. Box 25053, Baton Rouge, LA 70894-5053

Stanley T. Markocki, Pt. Washington, NY.

Last Chance to Get Your Copy

A few years back I published *Captain Nemo's Cookbook Papers: Everyone's Guide to Zen the Art of Boating in Hard Times Illustrated---a Nautical Fantasy*, by Hal Painter. This book had a brief previous incarnation with a publisher who cancelled it supposedly due to dislike of its counterculture concepts. It supposedly received a big buildup before that company changed hands, but then it was never seen again. How many boat books have been suppressed? I think it's in a league of its own. One day I ran across a copy. I liked it and contacted the author. He jumped for joy. I reprinted it. You may have seen a classified ad for it here in *MAIB*.

I find that boat culture books are sorely lacking which show plainfolks boat culture as it is today. This realistic, humorous novel is built up around a carefree view of what it means to be a non "Fancy Lad" boat person. It includes insights into life as a boat-bum in a marina in a yuppie district (isn't it fun?). It keys off of what it's like to live aboard the usual not-quite-ready boat...while dreaming of far-off places...then to actually make an ill-advised getaway. I found it to be spot-on. It has it all, plus helpful visits from a cranky Nemo! He was very fed up with yuppies, too, if you recall. It even has recipes, suitable for a small galley even when hungover. I'd say this book fits in with the Tristan Jones vein of sea-literature. Toss in a bit of Pirsig's *Lila*. Hal has, I'd say, a bit of the Tom Robbins way with words.

The news here is that it's going out of print again, probably forever. Hal died a couple years back and I've recently been requested by the family to cease publication. It seems very unusual to see a book cancelled first by its publisher then by its estate. And it's a very good book! So get yours while you can. There aren't many left. I'm selling them \$20 (post-paid) a pop 'til they're gone. Paperback, 135 pp., decent quality printing and binding. You can order via PayPal, or my OutYourBackdoor.com website, or by snailmail.

Jeff Potter, 4686 Meridian Rd. Williamston MI 48895, OutYourBackdoor.com, <jp@outyourbackdoor.com>

Grumman Memories

Both recent articles on the Grumman Canoe brought back memories of when I was a river trip guide for local university canoe trips thirty years ago. We used Grumman Canoes that were probably new in the '50s. One of the nice things about those canoes was that you could patch a leaking rivet (or other such minor problem) caused by a collision with a rock or tree stump using bubble gum and adhesive bandage. You chewed the gum, dried off the affected area, stuffed in the gum, and then covered the gum (and leak area), both inside and out, with the adhesive tape. The patch was good for a couple of days.

C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL

Anchoring Information

Anchoring to windward is difficult when the depth of the water exceeds the length of the rode. Assuming you have room downwind, a sea anchor or drogue (they are different) can be a survival tool of great worth. But, what

size, how long a scope, when to deploy? These are questions that seldom have an answer beyond, "it depends". For enough information to use these tools properly and probably more technical information on the subject than you would possibly want, may I suggest:

The Sea Anchor & Drogue Handbook, Daniel C. Shewmon, Shewmon, Inc. 1995.

C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL 32312

Opinions...

Jones Helps You Decide

The good review of Tom Jones's latest book, *Plywood Boats*, misses an important point. All your contributors give fascinating designs and ideas but only Tom Jones's books give accurate, complete assessments to help you decide the best boat to build for your conditions. Others lay out information. He adds his reasoning.

From kayaks to 26' trimarans, he zeros in on the balance between cost, performance, and utility; on pros and cons of various construction methods; on the size to build; on weight saving; on rig; on designers, all based on his experience designing, building, and sailing his own 10,000 miles, including through a hurricane.

For example: Good multihulls have finally arrived. But years of subscribing to *Multihull* magazine were frustrating. Tom's *Multihull Voyaging* book accurately zeroed in on the size to build; the balance between performance, utility, and cost; and how to sail them.

Jim Wonnell, N.A., Merritt Island, FL

More Ideas from Norm

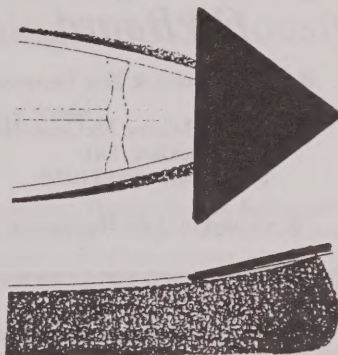
Canoe bows are notorious for lack of flare to breast oncoming waves or diving into the standing waves met in whitewater expeditions. Sketched is a simple triangular piece of plywood that'll really make a canoe bow climb over oncoming slamming waves. A good installation might include some attachment blocks and bolts or wingnuts. However with properly positioned drill holes this triangular wing may just be tied in place with high strength line.

As a Master Salvager/Scrounger, I found "How Djinni II Came To Be" in the April 1st issue a masterpiece of judgement and description. As contributor Thomas F. Dawkins ad-

vises, discourage undertaking very radical conversions. However, one blessing is utilization of materials, money, and energies as time goes on. I found one technique to roughly determine the Center of Lateral Resistance (CLR) is to tie a line amidships and pull the boat sideways until a perpendicular hull balance can be noted.

Real economizing is obtainable using homemade Chinese junk sails as their Center of Effort (CE) is instantly changeable by repositioning the yard or luff parrel. The mystery of perforated rudders remains in my mind. Do rudders work by deflecting water or by imparting a force vector from the dragging trailing edge? To really economize rudderwise, I find it interesting that workboats frequently weld a round bar vertically to the trailing edge. Claims are made for significant reduction of turning radii.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA



Projects...

Rescue Minor Progress

Back to the Rescue Minor. I built the big, funny looking engine house. With the engine sitting up high like that, it looks like some kind of companionway... just barely clears the tiller. I got it as low as I could though, even had to carve a little recess in the top to clear the radiator (day tank) cap. At least it doesn't look as bad as an outboard motor hanging on the stern.

I didn't leave any room in there for any sound deadening foam or anything. She'll just have to clatter is all. I went to the tractor place and listened to one of those engines (Kubota,

this one has never had the oil in it yet) and it wasn't unbearable. Of course, I don't mind the sound of any engine as long as it ain't skipping.

I have a neighbor down on the island whose business is something to do with the rigging for utility poles, so he rigged the pilings of his house with cables, turnbuckles and screw anchors just like utility poles... a lot of them. I asked him what he would do when the wind got to whistling through the wires like it does on real utility poles down here. "It'll be music to my ears," said he.

I am ready to listen to some of the music of the Kubota. You know old Ferrari said that he liked the song of twelve cylinders. I think I am going to like the cackle of three.

Robb White, Thomasville, FL

This Magazine...

Praise for Information

I very much enjoyed Joel Herzel's well written article on hollow shaft spoon blade oars made by the bird's mouth method. I had never heard of this method and have subsequently had fun experimenting with it with the help of a dial caliper. I am now using this method making double bladed paddles.

I bought one of Dave Carnell's Matsushita saw blades, and it was the best tool purchase I have ever made. It ripped and notched the bird's mouth pieces in 9' lengths flawlessly.

I also agree that Lee Valley Tools (800) 871-8158 is a great source for tools and other interesting products at good prices.

Bob Cole, St. Augustine, FL.

Crankier the Better

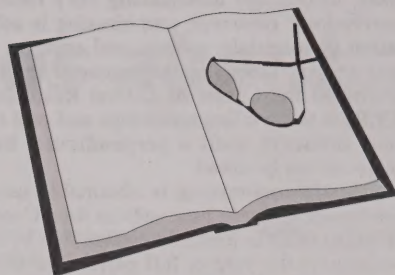
I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for the enjoyment that I derive from your biweekly publication. I particularly like some of your editorials, the crankier or more counter cultural the better as far as I am concerned! I also enjoy the Bolger boat designs and the articles on boat theory.

Currently I am running a small Island Packet cutter from my mooring in Quonochontaug Pond, but I also have a Bolger Bob Cat in the garage that I hope to get on the water very soon!

Tobias M. Goodman, M.D., Westerly, RI



If I had a jillion dollars to spend or maybe
a little bit more,
I'd run as fast as my legs would run straight
to the 'lectronic store.
I wouldn't care how fat or thin or if they
ran on DC,
I'd buy as many as flashed their screens or
blinked a LED at me!



Book Reviews

A Boatowner's Guide To Using PCs On Board

By Rob Buttress & Tim Thornton

International Marine McGraw-Hill
Blacklick, OH
2001, Softbound \$19.95

Reviewed by John Hawkinson

Using PCs On Board is a short book explaining the application of the laptop computer to yachting. All measurable information affecting the condition of a vessel can be gathered and displayed in a central location. In the twenty years since personal computing began there have been rapid decreases in computer size and cost with increases in speed and capacity. Methods of navigation have become enmeshed in computer technology and, since small boats share with the giants, the same charts and notations apply.

The authors are both sailors with strong leanings towards the application of computers to yachting. Thornton's background includes yacht design and handicapping, as well as onboard computing. Buttress adds the dimension of navigational expertise. The book was first published in Britain, but the material covered is both readable and applicable here. Computer technology is continually changing, and this book will require frequent updates to remain current.

One basic discussion outlines the attributes of charts that can be read on a PC screen and linked to radar, sonar, and the global positioning system (GPS). There are two types of electronic chart: Raster charts are traditional charts scanned into a digital file so that the picture on the screen looks like a paper chart. Our level of comfort with raster charts is based upon familiarity. Raster charts require large file sizes and the information on them cannot easily be changed. There is loss of detail when magnified to large scale.

The second type, called a vector chart, stores many layers of information into a database from which a picture is generated. A vector chart, unlike a paper chart, has little topographic land detail, and the buoys appear as punctate dots in their location. Vector charts are high resolution, sharp and clear at all magnification levels and orientations, and they occupy a smaller amount of space on your computer. Vector and raster charts can be printed but they are primarily used with electronic charting control programs. They allow you to connect a Loran or GPS receiver, which highlights your position on the chart.

A global positioning system unit (GPS) tells current position, locates goals (waypoints), and tells how to get to them. GPS location, transmitted from satellites, is based on the WGS-84 datum, a grid of standard coordinates for the earth's outlines. Datum may

be both vertical (depths) and horizontal, which refers to the shape of land features. Satellite mapping and global positioning leads one to this caution about chart accuracy: an older chart may be based on a British Admiralty Survey done in 1812, whose datum is different from your GPS reading. Current GPS units have plotters and charting capability, run for 8 hours, are waterproof and fit in your pocket.

We are shown how it is possible to connect many devices to a PC. NMEA 0183 is the standard communication language that allows the computer to receive and display data from many different sensors (log, GPS, wind-speed and direction, radar and stored chart). Imagine being able to sit at one console and in a flick of the dial be able to follow the radar screen, the depth finder, tide and current tables, anemometer, speed log, fuel flow and tie it all in with a Loran or GPS position on your chart plotter. Obviously each of these devices can stand alone and display its data, but gathering the input from devices or "talkers" into a central console allows one to see a larger picture.

This book suggests that the smallest size boat where a PC would be workable to be about 25'. While the need for this technology increases with vessel size, the trade-off may be loss of basic skills. A computer will not allow you to navigate better than traditional methods. Even though computer navigation is quicker, it minimizes rough weather errors and has less weight than tables and almanacs. One does not need a PC to obtain a GPS fix, but be prepared to substitute dead reckoning and manual navigation methods if the batteries fail.

Using PCs On Board summarizes considerable material about electronic boating. They advise that in choosing a PC that there are many alternatives, all costly in dollars and watts. Software must be selected before the computer. The amount of electrical power

needed (lots) is detailed in the chapter about installation. Battery DC must be inverted to 120 volt AC to run and recharge a PC. One very proficient friend adds that, "obsolescence will undo your computer before the salt does." New since this edition is similar software for the Palm Pilot, the increasingly popular small hand held computers.

Weather forecasting and communications are vital needs when boating. VHF or HF (high frequency) radio, satellite imaging or weatherfax may gather weather reports. Communication uses similar technology, most recently concentrating on satellite transmission. VHF is line of sight (short distance), uses FM signals, is low cost, low wattage, and small size. Satellite operated cellular phones can be configured from local to world coverage, cost proportional to range, and for many have supplanted HF radio.

This book was printed about the time when the AT&T high seas radiotelephone service became defunct. Despite its vulnerability to variations in the environment, HF radio (amplitude modulation, of which SSB is a single side band minus the carrier wave and the other side band) remains the time tested offshore fail-safe. Radio or satellite may exchange e-mail, and since the signal is text the small message size is less costly. Fax costs more to transmit because the signal is graphic and has a larger message size. Specific satellite location beacons, EPIRBs, are activated at the time of disaster and their signals are closely monitored to achieve rescue.

A diskette of demonstration software accompanies this book, but is not described in the text. To view these demonstrations you must install them in your computer, and thus un-install later. This is time consuming and in deleting you may lose something of value. Similar material from U.S. vendors can be downloaded from the Internet with the same precaution.

There is an extensive glossary, which must be consulted to understand the many abbreviations in the text. This glossary is weak in radio terminology; for example, CW means Morse code, not carrier wave, and bandwidth means the frequency range covered by a signal, not the amount of data sent (although the bandwidth is proportional to this amount).

The idea of sailing in a space capsule surrounded by flat panel displays, knobs, switches, LEDs and buttons while controlling all with a click of a mouse appeals to few of us. It is unlikely that 99.44% of the small boats we paddle, row, sail, and motor will require the plotting, charting, weather, tide prediction, organizational or other useful efforts of an onboard computer. Our craft generally lack the capacity to generate and store electrical power. Navigational skill and the ability to predict the weather and other conditions are based upon learning and experience, but must be kept properly honed to be able to enjoy our boats.

The basic needs can be contained in a compact weatherproof ditty bag. Most of us are content with an accurate watch, a compass, a large-scale local chart, a tide table from the newspaper or local bait shop, and a weather radio. Two additional aids worth considering for longer outings are a hand-held GPS (which includes time) and a VHF radio (which includes NOAA weather). Lastly, the convenience of a cell-phone to inform family or other well wishers of your lack of progress has a lot to recommend it.

**Give to me and I will give to you,
says the Lord"**
(Milachi 3:6)

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The Ancient Mariners is our little group of model boaters who sail every Thursday, usually come rain or shine, at a pocket-sized, by lake standards, stretch of water on Auckland, New Zealand's North Shore. A mustard-keen but, one could say "highly unorganised" group of about twenty regulars, mainly retired model sailing boat enthusiasts, the AMs are about as laid back in our approach and our attitude towards our weekly sailings as a worm on a fallen leaf gently floating on the Onepoto waters.

AMs pay no subs or fees and are quick to emphasise that this is not a club, our objectives being to have fun, enjoy the sailing of our boats, and share friendship and fellowship amongst ourselves. As one of them, I would say we take seriously the art of not taking things too seriously! Whereas visitors may pick up references to Admiral, Commodore and the like, it is all in humour. All are equal, all are friends, and there are no office bearers or officials, everyone willing to give a hand to others. Many of the group have sailed and raced full-size boats in earlier years, some have raced 1 M and Marblehead model yachts before exiting that scene because of the over-seriousness and often angry attitude of some sailors brought on by a razor-sharp competitive spirit.

There are a few who sail such boats within the AMs, but since racing (aside from the one foot long Footy class) is a definite NO NO, those who sail are mainly attracted to the more classic scale and semi or stand-off scale style of boats, and the cruising or windling style of those who sail them. Sloops, schooners, ketches, the occasional early NZ scow,

Taking Seriously the Art of not Taking Things too Seriously

By Mark Steele

sailing traders, Thames Barges, fishing schooners, a couple of vintage Ten Raters, a Bristol pilot cutter, a Brixham trawler, and always a good few Vic Smeed Starlets are usually seen.

Every November, our group stages a "Grand Day of Classic Sail" where those with similar types of boats and the correct attitude, resident elsewhere in Auckland are invited to join the us for the occasion.

With the Ancient Mariners the correct attitude is important, and never speaking to

anyone and never offering even a pig's grunt is not appreciated. Relaxation while messing about with model sailing boats is one of our group's prime quests, and one in which being sociable to one's fellow sailor is as important as the main objective.

Wives are always welcome, and generally come to the annual big day, when a pondside luncheon break is the highlight of the occasion. Launchings and christenings of new boats also get their support, and they are an important part of the Ancient Mariner scene.

In a city such as Auckland, one that is chocka with everyday stress, one's eardrums lambasted by noise, citizens in the main fiercely competitive in all sports, and even on the roadways, the Thursday windling scene as enjoyed by the Ancient Mariners provides the opportunity for grown men to sail their often magnificent models among friends in a peaceful environment at Onepoto, in itself an oasis just a stone's throw from cosmopolitan Auckland city.

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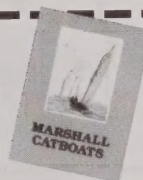
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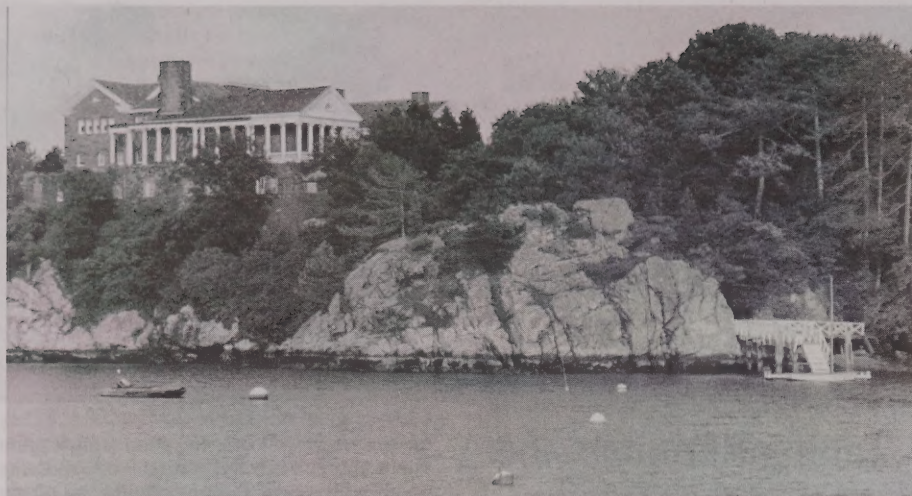
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The tony treasure cliff.

Treasure Day Arrives

As is tradition on *Buckrammer*, the morning began with a fisherman's breakfast of bacon, eggs, toast, juice and coffee, all cooked on our dependable, coal-fired Shipmate Number 2 stove. From the cockpit, as Caroline and I sopped up the egg-yoke "gravy" with our toast, we revisited the plans made on the previous night.

"If everything I've been told holds true then the treasure wreck lies in about 15' of water just at the base of that cliff," I said while pointing to a spot on the water about 100' away from our boat. "We can just leave *Buckrammer* tied to this mooring and snorkel over from here."

A little put off by my matter-of-fact attitude, Caroline jokingly replied "10-4 Commander. I roger that plan... just like I did last night you big twinkle."

"Okay, okay," I replied wincing, "let's get our gear on and get wet."

As per "the plan", Caroline and I quickly swam over to the base of the cliff and re-

Treasure Hunters Of Brenton Cove (The Girl, Me & the Cat)

A *Buckrammer* Adventure Conclusion

grouped on a little ledge-like outcropping at the cliff's bottom for a last safety check of one other's gear. Even this early in the morning (about 9am), the waters of Brenton Cove were a comfortable 78 degrees. "Ready to take the plunge?" I asked.

"All set, maestro," Caroline shot back. And down she went. "Last one to the bottom is a rotten worm."

Not to be out-dived (or is it out-doven?) by a mere teenager, I executed a little back flip and swiftly submerged as well. As the sun had not yet peeked over the cliff edge, the underwater visibility was limited to a mere five

to seven feet. The bottom consisted of a mix of mud and sand, easily disturbed into silty clouds by my swim fins. It took a few seconds for my eyes to adjust to the light and focus but when they did I was surprised by what I saw. It appeared as though we were surrounded by all manner of old bottles, cups, plates and metal parts. A brigade of Spider crabs and a number of Perchlike Cunner fish stood guard over the whole lot.

Both Caroline and I carried nylon mesh laundry bags to hold any "treasures" encountered underwater. With a few seconds of breath remaining, I quickly grabbed several of the bottles and an old cup and saucer, dropped them into the bag and then shot to the surface. I repeated this exercise a few dozen times until the mesh bag held about 20 pounds of assorted schtuff. Then, as per our spaghetti-dinner plans, I swam back to the ledge to wait for Caroline and to check out the haul.

Caroline swam about 75' further north along the cliff. From my perch on the ledge I could see that she was also finding lots of artifacts as she made a series of 30 second dives. Within ten minutes she swam back to the ledge as well. She flipped her dive mask up onto her brow. "Holy cow! I'm not sure whether or not this is a wreck or an underwater flea market. What gives with this place?"

I had been puzzling the same thing ever since my first plunge. "Beats me!" I replied. "I've not seen even a hint of the actual shipwreck, just mounds of glassware and other bric-a-brac. If this is a shipwreck site, then the vessel must have been carrying one strange cargo."

With this we decided to examine our finds. Sure enough, both Caroline and I had bagged a total of about thirty pounds of glass bottles, china and metalware. While most of it was cracked or missing chunks or rusted into amorphous masses, some of the pieces were in a condition pristine enough to be considered collectable. We placed the best pieces on the ledge and returned the broken stuff to the sea.

Caroline pondered, "Maybe the wreck is further out in the cove and all of this stuff is her 'debris field'. Why don't we explore a larger area?"

This sounded reasonable to me. "Tell you what," I said, "let's put the good junk back into our bags then do as you suggest and expand our search. If we find more high quality debris along the way, we'll put it in our bags. If you come across the remains of the wreck, give a holler and I'll do the same. If we don't find the wreck, then head back to *Buckrammer* when you get cold. OK?"

"Cool!"

About 45 minutes later both of us were back in *Buckrammer's* cockpit giving Mr. Sun a chance to work his warming magic. While we had once again filled our respective bags with lots of interesting salvage, neither of us had seen anything that even remotely looked like a shipwreck.

Caroline and I, each wrapped in beach towels and sitting cross-legged on the cockpit floor, rummaged through and sorted our haul. Suddenly, from out of nowhere, a voice rang out. "Invite me on board and I'll tell you where to find the wreck."

My daughter and I looked at one another, eyes wide' then simultaneously sprang to our feet.

A morning's treasures.



Cappy Marks the Spot

"Well, are ya gonna ask me aboard or did I row this whole gad-blasted way for diddly-squat-a-nooyears?"

We found ourselves staring eyeball-to-eyeball with one of the saltiest old codgers seen on any waterfront by us before or since. He rafted alongside *Buckrammer* in a leaky old skiff accompanied by a scruffy little dog who itself looked like twenty miles of bad road. We grabbed the painter of the little boat as this curious character hauled himself over our catboat's gunnels.

"Names" Fred Crowell, Captain Fred Crowell, late of the Shell Oil tugboat service. You can call me Cappy. Who are you?"

We made our introductions.

"Ahab an I wuz watch'n yer frum the ol' fort over there an figgered you were look'n fer the ol' wreck. Well I'll tell yer this. It sure as blazes ain't where you wuz swim'n 'round." Captain Crowell fixed the more controllable of his two eyes on us all squinty-like and smiled a Jack-O-Lantern smile. Ahab gave out a little condescending snort from his perch in the skiff (as only a dog can do). "But I tell yer wot. Fix me sumpfin to ett and a cuppa joe, hot and black, and I'll put you right on top of the ol' girl."

This seemed like a reasonable offer. Worst case, perhaps a sandwich and a hot coffee would persuade this guy to row back from whence he came. As Caroline whipped up a batch of "Dad's Special Tuna" on Italian bread (two cans of tuna fish, juice from one half of a lemon, chopped celery, and one tablespoon of oregano flakes all mixed with lots of mayonnaise) and I put the percolator on, Captain Crowell told us his story. (Ahab had decided to take a snooze under the skiff's rear seat).

In a nutshell, Cappy had spent the better part of his 86 years in various merchant marine assignments all over the globe. While any one episode of his life would fill a book or two, the one relevant to our treasure hunt took place during the Second World War when he was stationed at Fort Adams for a few months during the summer of 1944. For recreation, he and the other swabbies would take a dip in the cove where we were now anchored. A few of the gang, Cappy among them, had water-proofed some aviators' goggles and used them to explore the depths. During these explorations they had found not one but three wrecks in the cove.

In his spare time, the Captain had done some research into the nature of the wrecks. He had learned that "our" wreck/ship had long ago been purchased by the owner of the cliff-top mansion in a derelict condition but fully ballasted with cobblestones. She was stripped of spars and valuable hardware then scuttled at the base of the cliff for use as (Gads!) a dockfooting. (The pilings are marked on the Brenton Cove map). Pop went our notions of silver-and gold.

Of the remaining two wrecks Cappy had only been able to positively identify one, the *Jem*, a slave trader (much like the infamous *Amistad*). *Jem* was set ablaze, under suspicious circumstances, and sunk in the cove sometime before the Civil War. The identity of the other wreck remained an enigma.

Cappy lit up a slightly smushed stogie and, using the burnt out match as a pointer, directed our attention to the base of the cliff.

"You wuz swim'n on the garbage dump of the ol' mansion. See, they usta jest throw their trash right often that cliff into what they must have figger'd wuz the bottomless sea. All of that junk you've got here in yer cockpit is jest household rubbish of rich people from the olden days."

Cappy shifted his pointing to a spot about 400' to the right and south, towards a dock at the base of another part of the same cliff. "If you want to be poking around the ol' wreck, then you want to be swim'n right over there. See those dock pilings?"

Caroline and I nodded.

"Those pilings go straight through the center hold of the ol' girl. You can't miss her even if'n you tried."

Mouths somewhat agape, my daughter and I thought about this for a few seconds and then simultaneously shot back to the Captain, "Let's go diving!"

Cappy, after grabbing an extra sandwich, offered to row us over. Soon, he, Ahab, Caroline and I found ourselves on the dock float supposedly right above the wreck. Caroline was first to put on her diving gear and enter the water. In a few seconds she surfaced wearing an ear-to-ear smile.

"Captain Crowell, you are dead on! Dad, we've got one of the prettiest little schooner wrecks right under your feet. What are you waiting for?"

I squinched my flippers on and dove in. Sure enough, directly beneath the dock we found the amazingly well preserved wreck of a clipper-bowed schooner of about 95' skewered by the pilings. She had sunken into the mud such that her decks were flush with the bottom of the cove. My daughter and I spent the better part of an hour probing the lost ship. Though we didn't find any "specie", in the process of examining the old girl we became familiar enough with her layout to draw mental pictures of what she must have looked like in her prime. She had been a beauty. Though it seemed a shame that this forgotten little vessel would serve out her final days as the foundation of a dock, at least she had not been lost forever in some shipbreaker's yard. Instead, she still plied the waters pointing south and outward bound.

Cappy rowed Caroline and I back to *Buckrammer*. On the way he told us how to find both the wreck of the *Jem* and the third, unknown wreck (which he estimated might be as old as the Revolutionary War based on some of the artifacts he and his sailor friends had salvaged back in the '40s). But, cold and tired, Caroline and I would leave these explorations for another day. Thanks to the kindness of this ancient mariner, Caroline and I had discovered most of what we had sought. ('cept the silver and gold, of course).

Captain Crowell and Ahab dropped us off on *Buckrammer* and bid us safe passage. I offered to buy him dinner but he said that he had big plans for that evening. He would take another cup of coffee, however, black and hot. Some months later we learned that Cappy had passed away among friends in his home in Providence, Rhode Island about three weeks after our adventure. As of 2001, Ahab is still among the living instructing Cappy's grand nephews in the fine art of dog nurturing.

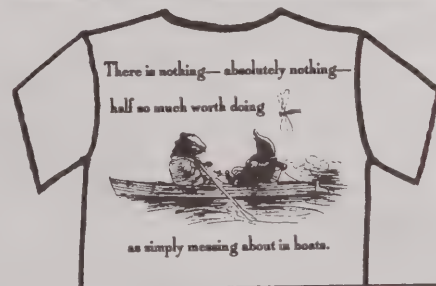
That evening, *Buckrammer's* captain and crew, all two of us, got dressed in our Sunday best, and rowed over and beached *Splinter* at the innermost end of the cove. We then trudged

up the road to the elegant Castle Hill Inn and Resort (www.castlehillinn.com) where we enjoyed a Gatsby-style, multi-course meal. Over dessert, a sumptuous strawberry shortcake, we planned our reluctant return to Westport on the morning tide.

After supper, Caroline and I sat on the grassy knoll outside of the restaurant and looked across Rhode Island Sound towards Block Island, as the sun capped off a remarkable day with a spectacular sunset.

"Well Dad, this has been quite a week-end. I'm afraid, however, that you'll still have to work your day job. No doubloons or pieces of eight. No treasure on this trip."

Looking Caroline in the face, I gave her a little misty-eyed wink and a hug. "Oh, I wouldn't be so sure about that. I wouldn't be so sure."



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Two Guys Cruise Narragansett Bay To New Hampshire

Part 3

Bucking the Tide

Excerpts from the book by David Buckman

Not long after midday the fog dissipated and Matapoisset Neck emerged to port more or less where it should have been. It was a weight off our shoulders. The wind started taking off too, so we shook out the reef in the main, reset the jib and returned our attentions to more mundane matters like peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

Our conversations and moods lightened as we made along at five knots, the warmth of the sun on our backs. Washing into Sippican Harbor, in as civil circumstance as any sailor might wish, Scott tallied up the days results

and announced that we'd sailed 37 miles in six hours.

As we whispered past the neatly organized avenues of moored boats, the town of Marion slowly revealed itself. A place that shares the tone of Marblehead, Newport or Manchester By The Sea, we noticed that the *Leight* was closer in size to the tenders that hung off the sterns of the local fleet than any boat that had a mooring of its own. Drifting into the shallow waters off Little Neck, where the moorings thinned out, we skirted within a few yards of the lush green lawns of Tabor Academy.

Scouting out the berthage options, we finally came to rest at Barden's Wharf, where we inquired about a place to lay. When the dockmaster asked where our boat was, we had to reassure him that it was the little sloop nestled among the tenders at the dingy dock. "Stay right where you are," he finally offered. "If you're cruising in that you deserved the best berth in town." When we asked how much we owed him, he waved us away saying, "Be my guest," over his shoulder as he turned to address weightier matters.

Thanking our benefactor for his generosity, we walked into town on legs that retained something of the rhythm of the sea. With but \$50 in cash between us the commercial quarter, though attractive, yielded little of interest and we resisted the temptation to commemorate our visit with a t-shirt, mug or plate. Ambling down the tree shaded streets of the village we passed rambling seaside estates and took in its generous testimony to old money. Though our lot was light years removed, as we settled into the *Leight's* berths for the night we consoled ourselves with the fact that we weren't troubled by the stress afflicting those whose mission it is to maintain principal and generate dividends.

Taking our breakfast in the cockpit, the warmth of the morning sun nourished us as it peeked over the rooftops of the grand cottages on Sippican Neck. Tuning in our little portable radio to a local AM station we learned that the local Daughters Of The American Revolution were throwing their not inconsiderable weight behind the Republican candidate for governor, what a surprise, and more importantly that a thunderstorm front with hail and high winds, were predicted to blow through by mid-morning.

We could see the great billowing clouds gathering in the sky to the north and while we waited I sewed up a jib batten pocket that had come adrift the previous day and by the time that was put right, towering cumulus clouds with sooty gray bases reared into the heavens trailing feathery streamers of rain and jagged streaks of lightning.

Waiting out three deluges, it was nearly noon by the time we got underway. Making the mouth of the harbor the scene laying ahead gave us pause for thought. We could see the last of the black bottomed storm clouds piling up on the eastern horizon. A fledgling northerly filled in as we jilled about off Bird Island waiting for the storm to head out to sea and ready to sprint back into the harbor if need be. The trees on the island turned the pale back-sides of their leaves to the wind and we waited and waited. A hour later we finally let draw but were disappointed to find the breeze freshening and veering to east of north, the exact direction of our course toward the Cap Cod Canal!



The lays comfortably at Barden's Wharf in Marion on Buzzards Bay. (David Buckman photograph)



The previous day's fresh winds saw a batten pocket tear which the skipper puts right in Marion. (David Buckman photograph)

With a reef in the main we jill about off Marion waiting to make a dash for the Cape Cod Canal.



Struggling into our foul weather gear, we mounted the rail as our little sloop laid her shoulders into the foam flecked seas and clawed her way to weather. With the last of an ebbing tide running its course we inched past Pocasset and Onset where we made into the canal proper. Timing our tacks to stay clear of the parade of shipping we swept past barges, tanker and tugs. Pulling abeam of the Western Control Station, the channel swung south a few degrees and to our delight we found that we could fetch the stream. Skirting close along-shore to stay well out of the traffic picnicking families waved to us and we could see impassioned lovers wrestling in the grass, watching us watch them. Approaching the Canal Basin at East Sandwich we entertained the idea of exiting the canal and making for the first harbor to the east but given an updated forecast that called for winds to 30 knots the decision to lay low came easily.

The small anchorage basin shattered my images of Cape Cod, as it looked more like a midwest steel mill industrial scene than a pristine anchorage, as a power plant with a huge smokestack belched smoke and the humming of turbines and other machinery filled the air. Adding to our subdued mood was the fact that we found not a single service, facility or exercise of bodily function that did not require payment of a fee, as Scott found out, much to his distress, when he was rash enough to visit the public bathroom without correct change.

Thinking of all the beautiful places we'd laid without once paying a nickel, it seemed ironic to be paying for our exposure to air and noise pollution. Exacting cash from the huddled masses is something of an art form in Massachusetts. "Dammed liberals," the mate muttered. "That's what you get with the Democrats in power for a hundred years. You've got to pay to take a shit!"

Waking to the sound of the jib halyard thrumming against the forestay, my first thoughts were of the pleasure of the day's fair wind easterly run. When I peered out the cabin windows the telltales told a different story. I was crestfallen. Instead of the southwesterlies promised by the evening forecast the breeze held steady out of the north, northeast. We grumbled about the injustice of it all as we packed our sleeping bags away.

The mate's usually cheery countenance was positively dour when he announced, "I sure hope it swings around skipper, because if it doesn't we've got a long, long day ahead of us if we're going to make for Cohasset."

The prospects of a 36 mile windward beat was daunting enough, but when we realized that our zigging and zagging, a lot of it against the tide, would nearly double that distance, it was sobering. We had the option of several intermediate ports, but knowing that we had to cover a hundred miles in the next three days we motored out of the canal at 8am. Hauling sail, we wore around to our first slant. Disappointingly it wasn't until the bow was headed for Provincetown that the sails bellied out bravely. Gathering way she bustled along at five knots under an opaque ivory sky, the sun glinting low over the water to the east.

Given his choice of assignment, the mate opted for the jib sheetman's slot, undoubtedly under the assumption that it would best suit his sensitivity to manual labor. Applauding his decision early on when the breeze was civil, his plight deteriorated as the wind freshened. Though it was quite warm, there was plenty



The Leight found sailing in the Cape Cod Canal easy. (David Buckman photograph)



A barge and tow cross paths with the Leigh in the Cape Cod Canal (David Buckman photograph)

Cleve mans the bilge pump as the Leight beats to windward from the Cape Cod Canal to Cohasset, which amounted to more than 50-mile hard windward work. The Leight leaked rather vigorously during windward work. (David Buckman photograph)



of spray spewing aft and our foul weather gear was essential but clammy. The bowman was not above lamenting his damp fate though he made no effort to volunteer for the helm until the bilges needed pumping.

As we slantedg upwind in four or five mile legs, the low mainland shore offered few landmarks to measure our progress against and those we could make out were not infrequently the subject of speculation. Bashing into the frolicsome chop it was impossible to hold the binoculars steady enough to confirm much, but our doubts. When we finally confirmed our position off Manomet Whistle with some confidence, were we disappointed for our best guess had us east off Plymouth Harbor, a two mile dead reckoning gaff.

Peeling offshore once again, we settled in for the long haul, the difference between our best guess and miles made to the good vividly illustrated. Looking for diversions to speed the passage of time we calculated that the waves we were plowing through crested roughly every eight seconds which amounted to over 400 waves an hour. If only half of them sent but a gallon of saltwater streaming aft, we were being pelted with a 200 gallon an hour shower.

Bailing was a subject we could address with some authority. While she'd tightened up a bit from her first day deluge, every two hours or so one of us would go below to clear the bilges. While the influx was but five or six gallons, it went against every sailorly instinct I knew. In one such retreat I lost my grip on the bucket when emptying it. Executing a quick 180 degree turn, we brought the container abeam just in time to watch it settle beneath the waves. We had a canvas bucket onboard too, but instead of risking its loss too, I stuffed the bilge pump hose into the centerboard trunk and pumped directly overboard. The volume of leakage was more of an inconvenience than threat and laughter erupted when I reminded Scott how this rate of leakage paled compared to that of his sloop, *Farstar*, for whom the term, "sail and bail" was coined.

My inability to decisively address the *Leight's* leaking was like a skeleton in the family closet, and while my lack of success in this regard might be freighted with unsavory im-

plications by rigid linear thinkers, I'd adapted to it. I accepted the handicap and addressed it by developing efficiencies in evacuating it. I further salved my conscience by imagining that any sailor so afflicted was exposed to certain elemental truths about life never plumbed by the high and dry.

That said, however, I could easily imagine my discomfort in a court of inquiry regarding the *Leight's* sinking when the prosecutor would ask in accusatory tones, "You knew she leaked didn't you. You've known it for ten years haven't you?" At my hesitant response of, "Ah, well, yes I guess so sir, but it wasn't too bad," the barrister would turn to the courtroom gathering with a flourish and utter, incriminatingly, "It wasn't too bad, he said. I submit that it was plenty bad enough and the skipper is guilty of gross dereliction of duty."

As we clung to the wind's edge tenaciously, the choppy joggle pounded the sloop's arched bottom incessantly and irritatingly. As the wind freshened near midday, the steely seas became flecked with flashes of white. We discussed the possibility of reefing several times, but held on under plain sail as the breeze toyed with us in the 16-20 knot range. Running athwart the tide it kicked up a lively chop.

Riding the rail for most of the afternoon, we found that lively conversation kept our minds off the wearisome monotony of slashing away 45 degrees off a direct course to our destination. Though we fell into periods of silence when the scope of our circumstance pressed in upon us, we were of good humor mostly. Skirting the miles of sandy beach at Humarock we could see bathers splashing in the surf and to the north, the loom of Second Cliffs at Scituate. While it would take us a couple of hours to reach that point, the warming temperatures near shore were civilizing as was the fact that shelter was close by if we needed it.

At first we took the lighthouse at Scituate to be Minot's Light off Cohasset but, drawing close enough to realize the error of our ways, we sailed into Scituate Harbor and took a look around. We were sorely tempted to call it day, but the evening hour having become so civilized, we pushed east another eight miles to improve our lie for the morrow's run.

As we threaded our way through the numerous shoals guarding the channel into Cohasset, for which the cruising guide issued dire warnings, the evening sun was slanting low when we came upon a prosperous looking village reflected in the mirrored stillness alongshore.

This long awaited moment signaled a dramatic shift in the crew's mood. Scott disappeared into the cabin and handed out two bilge cooled ales. As we toasted each other the warmth of the setting sun was comforting. Letting go of the tension in our legs, arms and back we drank in every detail of the surroundings. White Head and Bryant Point rose steeply from the water to a high promontory that was adorned with large old homes and expansive grounds. Further along a tree shaded village of colonial castles circled the shore of a snug headwater bight and church bells rang out the eight o'clock hour as we came to rest at the town's dingy dock.

Tallying up the fruits of our labors showed that our twelve hour bash netted us in the neighborhood of 60 miles of sailing to make good the 36 mile straight line distance, a thoroughly respectable accounting for a vessel of the *Leight's* ilk, or even a larger craft.

Lounging in the cockpit as the setting sun filtered through a canopy of red oaks, we felt the concerns of our long day wash away. We were tired, but it was a good tired and to at last to be so civilly ensconced it seemed an even greater luxury.

It took no little effort to extricate ourselves from a prolonged cocktail hour and walk to a nearby inn for dinner. Among the most underdressed of patrons we were received with skepticism at first. Not for long, however, for Scott a career generalist with a grounding in the haberdashery, lumber sales, newspaper and jewelry business can find common ground with anybody and in a few minutes had a lively conversation going with others at the bar. His social bent complimented my social dysfunction.

Walking back to the boat afterward with the elixir of summer's foliage in full bloom filling the air, frogs adding their chorus from the wetland sedges, we found the *Leight* bathed in a pool of silvery moonlight.

(To Be Continued)

Though it's only 36 miles as the crow flies from the Canal to Cohasset beating to windward makes it a 60-mile grind. (David Buckman photograph)



The *Leight* lays at the town dinghy dock in Cohasset, quiet and comfortable berth. (David Buckman photograph)





You've probably thought, particularly when you're doing your best to catch the boat ahead, "I wonder if my boat would be faster if she were a bit slimmer forward, or a bit fuller aft, or a bit this or that". Well, in 1937 this same question was giving Charley, a local boatbuilder, quite a headache. You see, that spring Don Holder had launched an 18 footer called *Venture* and she had cleaned up in the weekly small boat races, and there were only a few large boats in the club that could hold her. Charley's problem was how to design and build an 18 footer to beat the *Venture*.

In addition there was a matter of friendly jealousy between the two of them. Don was the grandson of the local sailmaker, and a founding member of the RKYC. His father was one of those "He could sail before he could walk," types, and Don was raised the same way. In addition Charley was a senior and Don was 17 which didn't help; especially since Don and a 13 year old boy made up the boatbuilding team for the *Venture*.

Mind you there was a lot of advice, since the boat building took place in the sail loft, which, in the winter, was a spot where sailing types dropped by to exchange yarns, see how the boat was coming, and offer free advice on the work being done. Jim Logan, a semi-professional boatbuilder was particularly good at giving advice.

But this is getting away from Charley and his problem. He had to decide whether his boat was to have soft bilges, like some of the Seawanaka Cup boats or was she to be hard

Looking Back...

The Two-For-One Boat

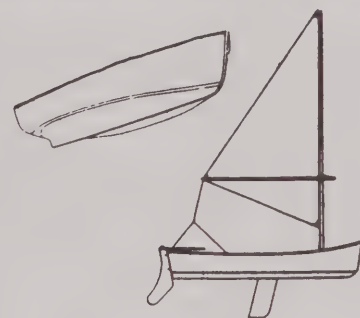
By Bill Gamblin

bilged similar to the *Smoke* and Massachusetts Bay boats. Now remember, it was 1937 and money was hard to come by. Even though a 14 footer from a very good builder would cost \$300, and one from a fishing boat builder would be \$35, wages of \$7 to \$9 a week with little or nothing left for luxuries made boats, even at these prices, a luxury that few could afford.

So Charley was limited to one boat, which he would design and build. First, he had to settle the matter of the design; and his answer was original, he would build one side with hard bilges, and the other with soft bilges. He would find which would be the faster side, i.e. on which tack would she be faster, and then he would rebuild her with both sides the shape of the faster side!

The photo was taken after the start of one of our weekly races. *Venture* is the dark boat, and the white boat behind her is Charley. You can see the range of sizes and types that we had in the small boat fleet. By the way, Charley, always a good sport, found out that he couldn't beat *Venture*, regardless of the tack he sailed on!

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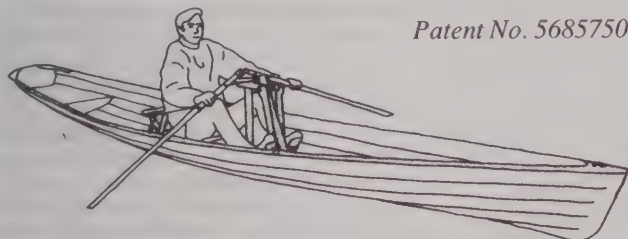
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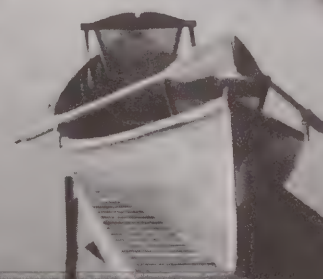
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"This is a lot of work for one day a year," I thought to myself for the hundredth time. It was four weeks before the 2000 Connecticut River Raft Race, and I was building a new hull for our craft, the *Millennium Buzzard*. My two brothers and their high school friends built the first *Buzzard* in 1980, back when *Star Wars* and the *Millennium Falcon* were fresh in everybody's mind. Since then, the circle of friends has grown from six Glastonbury High School students to include friends of friends, significant others, spouses, and of course, younger siblings like me.

In fact, our group has become so large, that we usually enter four boats in the race and compete amongst ourselves for our own award, the Glastonbury Cup. The Cup is a sometimes coveted, but often spurned trophy consisting of a small galvanized bucket mounted on a finely crafted mahogany base. Ensclosed within the base are the triumvirate of raftbuilding, drywall screws, duct tape, and epoxy, which can be heard rattling around if you shake hard enough.

Now, despite my use of the words "race" and "compete", bear in mind that the chief reason we've been doing this for so long is the camaraderie. It's really just a good reason to meet up with old friends, reminisce, and catch up on everything going on in our lives. Of course, a scenic river setting on a beautiful summer's day (it hasn't rained yet, knock on plywood) provides a great setting for it all.

I should really clarify the term "raft". Don't imagine a bunch of tree trunks lashed together with Huck Finn at the steering oar. The newest incarnation of *Buzzard* technology is a finely engineered plywood sharpie design agonized over by my brother Matt via many phone calls and emails from Florida. This is the first of two new hulls that will replace the three existing ones, while still making use of the flying bridge deck structure that contains the sliding seats and provides an upper level bridge deck, complete with steering station. In this transitional year, she will op-

The Great Connecticut River Raft Race

By Steve Layden

erate as a catamaran with two unmatched hulls.

She has undergone more configuration changes over her 22 years than bears explanation, ranging from relatively mundane catamarans and trimarans to an asymmetrical proa. My personal favorite was the year the *Buzzard* absorbed my own raft, and we created the infamous 36' "quintamaran", with 8 sliding seat oars, twin square sails, and fore and aft rudders. A smile invariably creeps over my face whenever I think of that glorious year! You can really come up with some extraordinary ideas with the right combination of creativity and insanity.

But back to the task at hand. Thanks to good preplanning, the hull has taken shape relatively quickly, but also following the rule that boatbuilding takes twice as long as you expect. Building long-distance has made it a little more challenging. Since I had no yard, Rear Admiral Todd had generously agreed to provide construction space and use of his coveted table saw. This is especially noteworthy because he already stores all four rafts for the 364 days they're not in the water, and to top it off, he was helping me coat the new hull with fiberglass.

We were entering a new era of *Buzzard* technology. Past rafts have emphasized low-cost construction, which did not necessarily translate into longevity, as rot usually limited the lifespan of a hull to ten years or so. In an effort to make this our last raft, Todd had procured some expired jet-black epoxy at a walk-way price that we were liberally using

to wet out the fiberglass cloth. After several hours of hard work, we sat back to admire our efforts, and as the epoxy dried to a blacker-than-black gloss finish, Todd uttered with a grin, "Lord Vader, your raft is ready!"

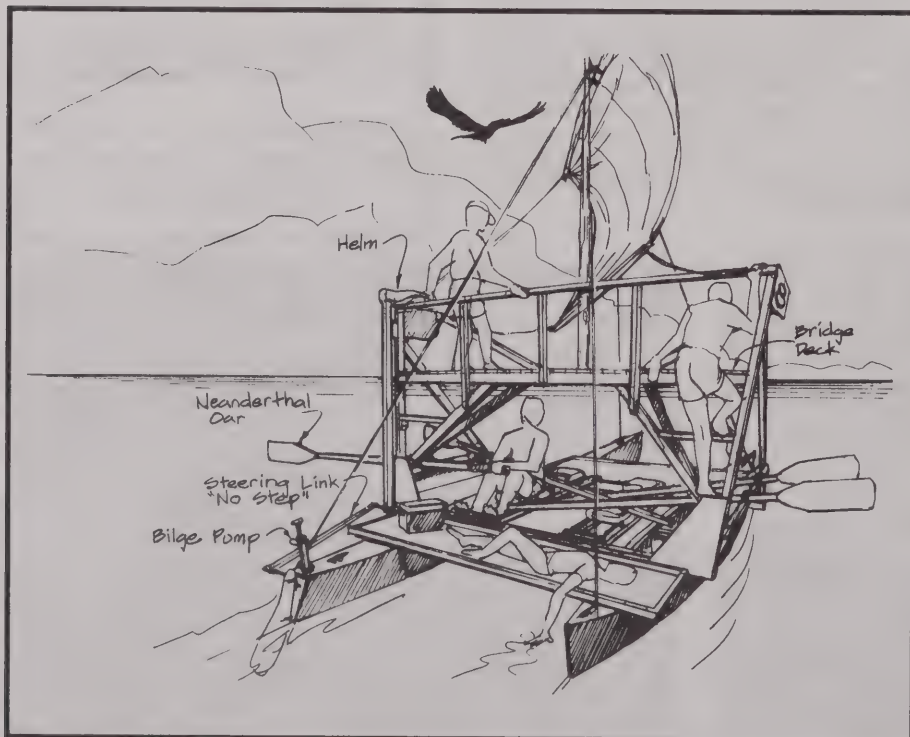
The race is organized into several classes. By default, most boats fall into "Cruising Class", which consists of anything from a swim float with seated paddlers, to a raft of barrels with bicycle-driven paddlewheels, to relatively boat-shaped catamarans with oars. Then, there is the "America's Class", which are the fast boats. These are streamlined, low to the water, and usually powered by sliding seat oars. They can typically cover the 4.1 mile course in 45 minutes or so while it takes the rest anywhere from one hour to three. Bringing up the rear of the fleet is the "Sweeper Class", which have conventional engines and are configured like a pontoon boat. They are charged with making sure every raft makes it to the finish, as there are occasional structural challenges on the water, and even a rare sinking. Some purists scoff at the idea of relying on a motor for propulsion, but these boats are usually enjoyed by their owners all summer long instead of for just one day, which makes the craft much more practical.

Within our group of four rafts, the *Buzzard* has become the catch-all boat, because she has the largest carrying capacity: her crew can vary from 5 to 15, while the others pretty much require a fixed number of crew based on their size and displacement. The others consist of the *Chickasaurus Becks*, which has been personed to victory by an all-female crew the past few years; the *Mianus* (named after the ill-fated bridge in southwestern CT that collapsed in 1982), which is consistently a top-three finisher in the years her rudder doesn't break; and Nick Shade's speed demon, *Triceratops*, which has won the race in alternating years.

Right on schedule, race day arrives, and the newly modified *Millennium Buzzard* sits pertly in the shallows of the river while the crew loads on the numerous coolers, boxes of food, life preservers, and personal effects. As usual, the crew has converged from all over New England and beyond. So far, I think the record for most miles traveled to participate in the race was the year my brother Andy flew up from La Serena, Chile, some 5,000 miles. With everything and everyone aboard our respective rafts, the little flotilla heads upstream to the starting line to join the other rafts.

The race begins between the railroad bridge and the Arrigoni Bridge in Middletown, Connecticut. Some excellent planning by the race committee has meant that the tide has been fair for each of the past several years. (Some people still don't believe me when I tell them that the current flows upstream during certain cycles of the tides). For some of the slower boats, a fair tide is almost a requirement if they want to finish without the assistance a sweeper class vessel.

While we are anchored and waiting for the starting gun, there is a light north wind blowing downstream. Knowing how rare it is to be able to use our sail, Matt and I are excited at the prospect and formulate our start plan with a twinkle in our eyes. And then, the *Star Spangled Banner* begins. As always, the *Horrendous* is blasting out the anthem over her sound system, and we join in with a rousing, if slightly off-key chorus of voices. As the loudspeakers fade to silence



BOOMMMM!!! The only cannon ever produced by Colt Firearms (but without management's knowledge) signals the start of the race.

Immediately our four oarsmen pull hard and get the boat up to speed. Within a minute, we pass under the railroad bridge ahead of the pack, looking back at the rag-tag fleet of toiling paddles, oars, and bicycle-riders. And then comes the order, "rest all oars!" Matt and I hoist the sail, and we continue to glide on in relative silence.

Of course, the wind is too light to maintain our top speed, and other rafts gradually leave us behind. But over our previous 20 years, we've rowed hard enough and earned enough hardware not to care too much that we're being passed. We consider firing up the grill, but in the end decide to take the lazy route and open more potato chips and have another round of beverages. At times, the wind dies completely and we row in a most relaxed fashion until the next zephyr catches up with us and we can sail another few hundred yards.

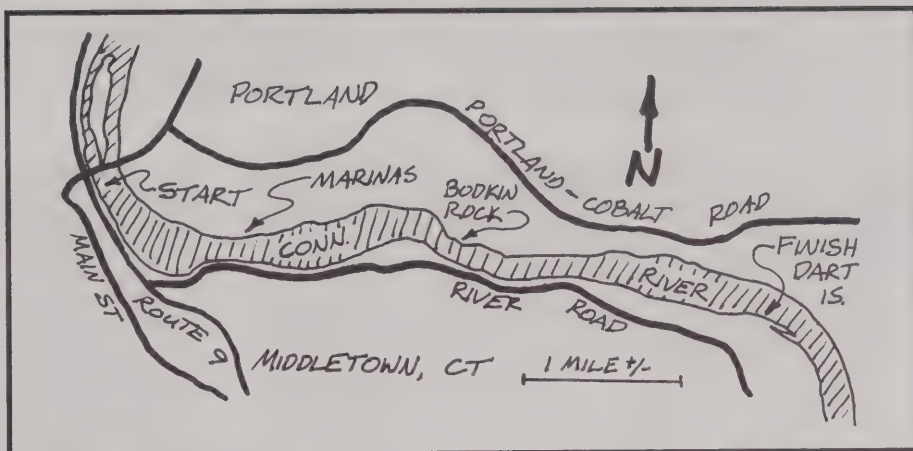
Eventually, we ease our way over the finish line and hit the beach at Dart Island. We are immediately accosted by the crews of the other Glastonbury craft and admonished for leaving them hungry and thirsty. Hey, it's not our fault your boats aren't designed to carry refreshments! But after setting up our sail as a sunshade and the first round of burgers have been downed, all is right with the world, and we get down to the real reason we're all here, to socialize.

Somehow, the weather for race day is always fair, and today it was downright spectacular, thanks to a delightful Canadian high. The shade is a popular lounging spot, and life jackets are used as impromptu pillows for those wishing to doze. The flying bridge deck is another popular spot to grab a few winks, and it's a great place from which to view the tangle of creative rafts that line the beach in either direction. On shore, the annual game of coed beach volleyball provides entertainment for players and spectators alike.

As with all good things, this day too must end. After all day in the sun and with full bellies, very few people have the energy or desire row, so it is much preferred to bribe a tow back upriver with a case of beer. We line up our rafts like ducks behind the tow boat, and prepare to enjoy the remaining time aboard our rafts for this year. The new hull has been a rousing success, and gives us hope that we will spend less time working on our boats in future years. With luck, we'll be able to build a twin for us in the near future.

Despite the numerous hands, it still takes until after dark to get the boats disassembled, packed onto respective trailers or car roofs, and hauled back to their resting place in Todd's back yard. And so it ends for another year. It's a lot of work for just one day on the water, but we've all been doing this since about age 15, and summer just wouldn't feel like summer without the raft race. Besides, we have nearly 12 months to recover before we do it again,

(More Information: The 2002 Great Connecticut River Raft Race will take place on Saturday, August 3rd, with the Captains' meeting occurring two weeks prior. For more information, go to <http://www.geocities.com/crafrace/>. They have a lot of info on the course, rules, raft-building requirements, pictures, press, etc. If you want to build a raft, get an early start! As an energy filled teenager



Pulling hard away from the start. Dark object at right is the "Captain's Chair," a reclining bucket seat from a Honda Civic.

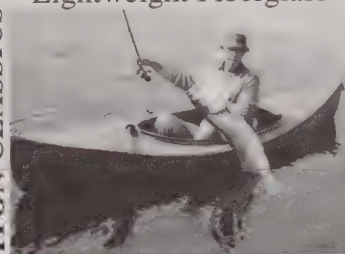
in 1990, I spent about 2 months (working mostly solo) during evenings and weekends to build a 24' catamaran for a crew of 10 people. Feel free to contact me: Steve Layden, 12640 Grey Eagle Ct. Apt. 13, Germantown, MD 20874, (301) 972-6529, snizort@netzero.net



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Fort DeSoto Beach Fest

By Ron Hoddinott

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Yes, the weather has been kind to our events this winter; the December gathering at Phillipi Park where we gathered in 80 degree weather, then in January at the Manatee River, and last month just a bit cool when we sailed to a picnic aboard the sharpie ketch *Shannen*.

March was no exception, a brilliantly sunny day in the mid eighties, with cooling winds from the southeast. A fantastic gathering of wonderful boats made this a get together to remember, and perhaps also a preview of the Cedar Key even in May!

I checked out the Ft. DeSoto boat ramps the weekend before, and was shocked to find out that over half of the ramps, along with their related parking areas, were closed off and being renovated. In an effort to make it easier on the Squadron members who showed up, Bob Wood and I decided to launch our truly small craft, a Klepper double kayak, and a sailing canoe, off of the beach.

I'd forgotten how long it takes to put together a Klepper with sail rig, and although we arrived by 8:45am, I was still rigging the boat at 10:00am, and hoping I'd be able to catch up with everyone! Finally Bob and I launched and spotted several Squadron boats sailing out toward Bunce's Pass and into the incoming tidal current, which by then was picking up speed.

After reaching the Shell Key's south beach, which was crowded with motor boaters, we reached across the pass to the Ft. DeSoto North Beach, and landed on a narrow sand spit that formed one arm encircling a shallow cove. Dale Niemann in *Bananas*, the yellow three metre trimaran, led a parade of a truly astonishing variety of sail craft into the beach. Steve Kingery, in the 15' Drascombe Dabber, had sailed down from Crystal River, and been camping aboard for several days. His daughter came down with the truck and trailer to take him home. Also helping to make up the largest collection of Drascombes gathered anywhere in Florida was Holly Bird with her 18' Lugger, and a friend from the Drascombe Association who sailed a very well maintained yellow 15' Scaffie. Also joining us was Art Gregory with his Peep Hen. Art told Bob Wood that he's been all over the country with the Peep, and is truly getting the most out of this ingenious mini cruiser.

Paul and Dotie Waggoner were camping at Fort DeSoto Park campground, and sailed their Sea Pearl Tri, *Wag's Folly*, to the event. Paul and Dotie really know how to camp, and are planning a trip to the North Channel in Ontario this summer. Steve Morrill and Marie-Claude arrived in *Black Pearl*, and it soon became apparent that we were headed for a record number of sailors for this event! Milton Watts brought his Compac Picnic Cat, even though he also has a Drascombe Scaffie, and Gordie Hill arrived with his home built Core Sound 17.

Gordie spend Saturday night anchored behind Shell Key, and sent me some great shots for the website. Just when I thought everyone had arrived, another Sea Pearl showed up on the horizon, and it turned out to be a new friend who had read about the Squadron at Marine Concepts in Tarpon Springs. Then Mike Voh Behren, with Michele and Cassie and Molly arrived, bringing the number of boats to a record 13! There were so many people from the squadron that we took over the end of the sand spit and had to form two picnic circles to fit on the sand spit.

What a great gathering! It was like being at a sailboat show for people who read *Messing About in Boats*. The day also reminded me of being at Cedar Key during the Small Boat Meet on the first weekend in May. Many are the times that we don't have this many different boats on the beach at Atsena Otie Key during that great event!

Everyone had different ideas of what to do after lunch. Several took off to sail around Shell Key, and several wanted to take it easy on the beach. Several of us sailed over toward the campground. The wind was picking up in the afternoon, and whitecaps in the shallows indicated that the wind was up over 18 knots most of the time, with gusts into the lower 20s. I discovered that the Klepper's best point of sail was downwind. I wasn't heavy enough to hold her down when working to windward in that kind of wind. But off the wind, it was a different story!



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Scenes from March Beach Fest at Fort DeSoto Park



Klepper and Sailing Canoe find the beach



Steve and Dale chat by Art's Peep Hen.



Dale arrives in Bananas. Look at that water!



All but one boat is in this picture - 13 boats all together!

The largest gatherings of Drascombes in the Southeast U.S.!



Sawdust, Wag's Folly and Black Pearl - left to right.



Friendship Sloop Days 2002

By Greg Grundtisch



Tannus, 38', 1937.



William Rand, 22', 1982.



Content, 25', 1961.



Celebration, 25', 1980.



Banshee, 25', 1978.



Sazerac, 35', 1913.



Seal, 22', 1984.

Phoenix, 30', 1970.

For those interested in traditionally built sailboats of the finest design, this event should not be missed. The Friendship Sloop Society sponsors several events each year in various locations along the New England coast, with this year a new one already held in St. Michaels, Maryland in May.

The largest gathering of sloops will be in Rockland, Maine, on July 22-25, the 26th Annual Friendship Sloop Homecoming 2002. Originally held in Friendship, Maine in earlier years, it had outgrown that small town and has moved to the Rockland waterfront, at the town landing. The races are held just past the Rockland breakwater off Owl's Head.

The public has access to the sloops, and are encouraged ask questions and meet the members. The Society is there to promote and preserve these boats, and would like the public to be more aware of them. Friendship Sloop numbers are pretty much limited to the existing sloops, with very few being built to replace the occasional boat that ends up in the

Salatia, 25', 1989.

hearth.

The most enjoyable event for the public is the Parade of Sloops. With all sails set, the boats parade past the waterfront to be reviewed by the spectators. They are announced as they pass, with a brief description of age, owner, builder, etc, and a cannon salute. This is the perfect opportunity to take photos and videos.

There is an awards ceremony on Thursday evening, and a cookout. On Friday the sloops depart for the town of Friendship, to take part in Friendship Days, and a lobster dinner.

The lovely and talented Naomi and I attended last summer's Homecoming 2001. Upon our arrival Harvey and Frances Rockburn greeted us. They own sloop #13, *Easting*, a Class A original, built in 1920. They made us feel most welcome, and offered the use of their cockpit as a base of operation for the event. Their hospitality and spirit of friendship are what makes being a member of the Society so enjoyable.

Freedom, 28', 1976.

Seamus Donagain was also there. He somehow got his hands on a half dozen cases of beer, and about as many of soda, insisting that all the members have a drink with him. That evening there was music and singing heard from some vessels, and a few members were late for the races the following morning.

Naomi and I also attended the first gathering in St. Michaels, Maryland. There were to be four in attendance, but only one made it. Capt. Tom Berry and crew, with *Wenonah*, sloop #118. The others had weather or boat problems, and missed it. This year more boats were expected in St. Michaels as word got out about how much fun it was, and how beautiful the location is on the museum grounds.

There are also events in Southwest Harbor, Maine, another in Connecticut, and two in Massachusetts. All are open to the public. You can talk to the owners, take part, or join up. You don't need a boat to join. You will have a good time and will be most welcome.

To learn more of the Society, or the up-

Gaivota, 31', 1982.

coming events this summer, you can contact the Friendship Sloop Society by mail or the web. It is a very informative and interactive web site.

Web page: www.fss.org

Snail mail: Commodore Paul Healy, 46 Cedar St., Marblehead, MA. 01945

Myself: Greg Grundtisch, or Seamus Donagain, 256 Iroquois Ave., Lancaster, NY 14086, <grundy@fantasiadesign.com>

To join the Society: Mr. Doug Amsbary, 1297 Easton Rd., Sugar Hill, NH 03585.

2002 Schedule of Events

July 13-14: New London, CT Regatta
July 20: Southwest Harbor, ME Rendezvous
July 22-25: Homecoming Rendezvous & Races, Rockland, ME
July 26-27 Friendship Days
August 10-11: Marblehead, MA Regatta
August 31-September 1: Gloucester, MA Schooner Festival
November 9: Annual Meeting, Durham, NH

Corregidor, 25', 1981.



Chrissy, 30', 1912.

Tradition, 31', 1981.



I found my Friendship Sloop one wintry afternoon in 1951, sitting in a crowded boat yard at Onset, Mass. Her name was *Voyager*. She had been shored up and hastily covered with odd pieces of canvas many months before. Snow was still lying about in patches as my partner Frank Westerhoff and I pulled back the cover revealing the lovely sheer of her deck underneath. Perhaps it was this very act that sold us on the old dowager, but whatever it was, we gazed at her hull and thought she looked like a queen on a throne amongst the lesser shapes of modern plywood boats that were stacked around her.

Voyager measured 29' x 9'6" with draft of 4'10". The cutwater was quite fine with pronounced hollow at the waterline sweeping out to the firmness of her bilges and gradually receding into a flat run towards the elliptical transom. The proud clipper bow still bore the name of "Charles Morse, Builder, Friendship, Maine."

Perhaps if some knowledgeable friend had come along and tried to make us listen to reason, emphasizing that we were buying a boat that was built in Teddie Roosevelt's era, we might have listened, but I doubt it. Once we climbed that ladder to her deck, we were hopelessly lost. It didn't make any difference to us that the cockpit was a jumble of loose boards and the accommodations were little better than when the fish shared the hold, or that the gaff mainsail was in patches and the jibs black with mildew. To two bachelors in their twenties, *Voyager* was just what we had been looking for as we had crawled over every aging Friendship from Marblehead to Cape Cod. An hour later we were at the owner's home to sign the bill-of-sale.

Through the happiness of the occasion, I noticed the man's wife and children were in tears. This was my first insight into the feelings these sloops engender. I thought about this later, wishing that I knew the full history of all the generations that had owned this boat. How many had reacted in like manner when she was sold? Who were the fishermen who owned her before the curse of gasoline engines, and where were the children that grew up on this boat and learned to sail and care for her?

That day our minds were full of dreams of how we would fix up *Voyager* and sail with

Society Founder Passes Away

Bernard MacKenzie, founder and Honorary President of the Friendship Sloop Society, passed away January 15th at the age of 80. Bernie, who owned #1 *Voyager*, and later #96, also *Voyager*, wrote the following article for the Sloop Society publication *It's A Friendship*, published in 1965. This article is an account of the race which gave him the idea of establishing a Homecoming Race for Friendships.



A Man and His Boat

By Bernard MacKenzie

comfort to far off ports, and how, snug in the cabin after a blow, we would be warmed by the old fashioned Shipmate stove, and plan new adventures together.

Frank and I knew little about sailing and less about repairing boats, but after the old auxiliary engine had ground itself to pieces in the bilge, *Voyager* showed us how to sail. Our education came the hard way and she forgave us the many jibes, groundings, bad landings and squalls that she suffered at our hands.

Later, Frank met a younger "bride" and left me alone with my sloop. Our association became more serious as I replaced mast, sails, motor, cockpit, and refitted the interior of the cabin. Decks required fiberglassing and new rigging was spliced. After this, the old girl seemed to have a new lease on life and no longer won the snail's cup in the annual regatta.

The era of the antiseptic-looking plastic boats had begun. They were beginning to dot our harbors, drumming out old wooden boats like *Voyager* with a tattoo of steel halyards against their aluminum masts. These were boats without souls: Cast in molds like tea-cups and built without the skill and honesty of good shipwrights. I would always look for the soap dish when I climbed into their round, slick

cockpits. Surely the fine history and traditions of American yachting were not going to come to this. Somewhere I thought there must be other sailing men that understood the beauty of a well-designed and constructed vessel. Joe Richards and Howard Chapelle were with me, but the fact remained that, outside of the little town of Friendship, not a real Friendship Sloop had been built in the last thirty years.

Nine years later, sailing had become a way of life, and *Voyager* had made many friends cruising westward to Nantucket and Newport, and eastward to New Hampshire and Maine. The people were more interesting than the harbors. They would row out to us at anchor and give off sighs of pleasure when I acknowledged that she was a Morse boat. It was always the same interest everywhere we went. Finally, I realized they were in pursuit of a legend; the precious intangible commodity of the distant past that this vintage craft symbolized.

I often wondered if this nebulous legend could be stirred to reality. Perhaps if I could reach other sloop owners, could get a few of them to sail back to the birthplace of Friendships, others would see that here was the perfect cruising boat; as much at home in a gale at sea as she was ghosting along in a ladies' breeze. How to reach them? How to make them see the possibilities? I was pondering this problem when the 1960 Boston Power Squadron race for Auxiliaries gave me the answer.

It was Saturday, September 17th in Boston Harbor and we were hopelessly outclassed by sixteen large, modern Marconi-rigged sloops and a few ocean racers. It was blowing northeast, and white-caps were beginning to form. The larger boats were rounding a windward mark and all the others were privileged to start for home under this handicap system.

Running downwind, our position looked good. We had passed most of the smaller auxiliaries, but those spinnakers blossoming astern spelled real trouble. We had no spinnaker aboard *Voyager*, only a huge gaff mainsail like those used to get the fish to market long ago. Could we hold out with eight miles to go? We kept an eye on a blue-hulled splinter stern which was slowly closing the gap. That was *Contessa*. Then a touch of luck! The wind increased. We drove with a comber at our bow and a quarter-beam wave under our stern, signaling that this was hull speed and she would go no faster. We had to come on a reach to follow the course between two islands when BANG! our jib split from peak to clew!

It took all three of the crew; Jean Sullivan, Bob Brown and myself to get this down and another set, while our race observer steered, eating humble pie for saying earlier that he thought Friendships were logy! Due to the delay with the jib, one of the big fellows was right on top of us, but going through the gut his parachute pulled him over, right down to the water. He would come up with tons of water pouring out of his chute, only to have it immersed again.

Running free in Quincy Bay, we were actually gaining on the fleet and we opened up a half mile lead not having to worry about spinnakers. The crew was joyous as we approached the lonely committee boat, having clocked a seven knots between the last two buoys. The flash of the cannon cut through the stillness of the autumn afternoon, and its echoes even blew away the cobwebs down at Friendship.

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Sylvia II, plying the waters of her home on Peltier Creek, has seen and participated in a lot of history in her nearly 70 years

Sylvia II is about to celebrate another birthday. It was on Bogue Sound, Valentine's Day 1933, in celebrating William Riley Willis' granddaughter's first birthday, that a bottle of clam juice (prohibition forbade alcoholic beverages) christened the boat created from juniper, live oak and heart pine. Wood was gathered largely from a lonely maritime forest on little populated Bogue Banks.

For perspective: That same year Adolph Hitler became chancellor of Germany, and Russia's Stalin, in the midst of his murderous purges and establishing collective farms, was starving millions. Japan was making a puppet state of occupied Mongolia. The world population had reached two billion (today's is 6.5 billion), and Admiral Byrd was wintering alone in "Little America" when William Riley Willis, in Promise Land at the foot of Tenth Street, after a year of hard work, launched his newly completed 36' Core Sounder. President Hoover was still in office. No one had yet heard of fiberglass, or television, computers, jets or space travel. Nor were there tape recorders, cell phones or global positioning systems.

Launched at the depths of a worldwide depression, *Sylvia* would soon be enrolled by the U.S. Customs, taking up a career of commercial fishing at a time when Coca-Cola or Pepsi cost a nickel (including return deposit), bread a dime, and top wages were a dollar per 10-hour day. Refrigerators were for only the wealthy; the icehouse was one of the town's more important industries, and outside privies the norm. Dillinger was at large, gangsterism at its height, and the most prosperous and important folks around were the bootleggers.

Sylvia II went to work on Core, Bogue, Albemarle and Pamlico sounds, the Neuse and Newport rivers. She managed to wangle a part-time job as a mail boat, but mostly she tended fish nets until the Second World War, when Carolina's beaches became bathed in a thick layer of bunker oil from torpedoed ships. The air was thick from burning tankers, and

Sylvia II Came From Historic Era

By Bob Simpson

(Reprinted with permission of author from the *News & Observer*, Raleigh, NC)

the bodies of lost seamen washed ashore almost daily. Called into active service, she received a citation for doing her wartime duty patrolling and delivering supplies to remote areas.

Peacetime found her back on the Morehead waterfront with returned veterans using her split bamboo fishing rods and loon-bone jigs, loading up with Spanish and blues, hogfish and croakers. In fall and winter, she was busy netting mullet, spots and blues, gathering shellfish for hungry seafood markets. Many a ton of seafood passed over her decks.

By the '50s, Capt. Theodore Lewis and Capt. Johnny Styron were operating 36' sister ships, both named *Sylvia*, from alongside the Sanitary Seafood Restaurant. Because the U.S. Customs decreed there could be only one boat with the name *Sylvia*, a coin was tossed. Capt. Theodore's *Sylvia* thereafter became *Sylvia II*.

Sportsfishing was just beginning to hit its stride. New boats joined the waterfront fleet every season, bigger and faster, more luxurious, and money flowed ever faster. *Sylvia II's* days as one of the queens of the fleet were numbered.

On Groundhog Day 1976, from a calm, misty afternoon, winds began building out of the south. By 10pm they had attained hurricane force, and boats on the waterfront were dancing macabre jigs under the pounding. The seas were too great, no one could get aboard to help. *Sylvia II's* starboard bow line parted, and the last of the old-time party boats came to the end of her career.

Two days later, raised from the bottom, a patch over her wounds, she was dragged to Taylor's Boat Works on Peltier Creek, where Craig Guthrie began restoration. A quarter-century later, come next Sunday, 70 years after an adze began cutting away on the cypress log that would become her keel, a frisky old boat again will be celebrating her birthday on the Morehead City waterfront.

All hands are invited to her old home, the Sanitary Fish Market and Restaurant. Spect she'd be proud to have you sign her logbook. Cake and coffee, no gifts expected, however, maybe a token donation to The History Place, the new county museum, in her name, she'd be even more proud. Boats have souls, you know, why else are they called "she"?

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Yacht tenders are serious little boats in our opinion, and if you do much cruising, you know what we mean. Unlike the little fishing boat or the beach plaything, they have to do everything well, or the owner is sorry, miserable, or scared to death, in some cases. We'll take the things the dinghy needs to do well one at a time.

Seaworthy and sea-kindly: That's the first thing. A dinghy that isn't good enough to get into and head across the Gulf Stream in bad weather after the sailboat hits the hideous "unknown object" is unacceptable. I don't know how many times we have been caught when we thought the good weather would continue. It happened just this last Sunday. The weather forecast was for mild and calm, "Bay and inland waters, a moderate chop," said the artificial German. Turned out that a low pressure area developed rapidly on the cold front that had brought the beautiful day on Saturday and during the night it had whipped up into "Cold and miserable, bay and inland waters rougher than a cob."

We had been in a hurry and left the big boat over on the mainland... came over in the old dinghy just to do a little clamming and spend the night on the island. My wife had to get back to teach school. No chance that the weather would get any better. I'm not gonna tell you that it was a pleasant trip, we got the slickie suits salty all right, but we slipped into the mouth of the river just like so many times before. Didn't waste a drop of the clam chowder.

So what is seaworthy? It is just simply the ability of a boat to keep going in the direction you want it to in the sea when it is rough. Do not confuse flotation with seaworthiness. An aluminum John boat with twenty five cubic feet of styrofoam under the seats is still not seaworthy. Sea-kindly is another thing. That is the ability of the boat to keep going in rough water with us in it. I guess that the barnacle covered beer bottles that come all the way across the Atlantic to wash up on the windward sides of the Caribbean islands and Central America could be considered seaworthy by some, but I like sea-kindly too.

Pounding. I am not going to name any names, but a while back, there was a rash of fiberglass boats with two or three miniature hulls built under them sort of like oversized corrugations in roofing tin. They were extremely seaworthy boats. At least one of them could be sawed in half and the man that did it could still stay in the end with the motor and the gas tank and presumably get himself out of the fix that he was in. In a moderate chop, they were fast and startlingly dry but if it got rough, they pounded so terribly that the person in the front seat needed a heavy duty sports bra and a fighter's mouthpiece.

If you used one for regular transportation, you soon had to go see the chiropractor or the osteopath for your back. One teenager that we knew got some bad chest pains from hot rodding around in one that was geared up to go over fifty mph. The chest pains were diagnosed as a heart bruise. Phooey on any unnecessary heart bruises, testicular hernias, and things like that. I notice that those "tri-hull" boats aren't nearly as common as they used to be.

Wet. Another horrible example of a miserable seaboat is what they call the aluminum "semi-V". They are just a flat bottomed skiff (which is the champion butt pounder of all

Dinghies

Part 1

By Robb White

time) with the tin in the front bent up into as acute a "V" shape as is possible with sheet aluminum (or in another failed past experiment, sheet plywood). This pitiful bow hits the water at exactly the same angle that children hold the flat of their hand when they splash water into each other's eyes while they are swimming... the optimum angle to splash the most water dead to windward in a chop. All this water flies right back into the face of the person in the front seat. That is how you could tell that a man was chivalrous... when he put a steering wheel in his aluminum boat so his wife could hide behind him when the going got rough.

Broaching. Another, much more serious, problem with these boats is when they go downwind, the bow hits the back of the wave ahead at just the proper angle to stop the bow and let the stern pass by so that the boat broaches to in the trough and sometimes throws people out or turns over and spreads gasoline all over everything. People who have to use small boats for a living have never been too enthusiastic about the "semi V". One old crab trapper I know had this to say about them. "I would rather have a plain old flat bottomed boat... You know they gonna beat both you and themselves to pieces, but at least they won't root like a hog and turn over and drown you too."

So, what shape is right? Now as for me, I would rather have a boat with a subtly rounded shape to the bottom and sides and a hollow forefoot that won't pound or root or throw any more water on you than is absolutely unavoidable. Boats shaped like that have been built for hundreds and hundreds of years, and the people who have to use small boats all the time still like that shape. There are plenty of different kinds of working boats built all over the world with that old fashioned shape and it will work beautifully for dinghies.

Flotation. I hate a boat that won't float. The idea that some mishap at sea could cause my boat to just plain sink out from under me gives me the willies. Even wood dinghies need to carry flotation enough to keep them afloat so that they can be bailed out. Any small boat can get swamped sometimes. It would be pitiful to watch your dinghy slowly be pulled down by the outboard when everything would have been manageable if it hadn't happened. I sail around in little boats with no flotation at all (except the wood that they are made of) but I don't put outboard motors on them.

A good dinghy must be able to swim both ways. Lots of times, the sea is so rough or the gas for the big outboard has given out (or you just have a little one) or, for some reason, you are sailing or rowing the dinghy. When that happens the little boat needs to be a good displacement boat. You don't want some pure planing boat trying to pull half the ocean along behind it when you are rowing three miles with fifty pounds of ice and ten gallons of diesel fuel and all the groceries you could find, upon which, there in the hot Bahamian summertime, perches the little woman and some of the little children.

I know it doesn't make any sense, but it seems to me that water is like air and that boats are like airplanes and don't fly right when it is hot and calm. One thing I know, unless you never make much of a trip and never get too far from the gas pump and never plan to have your nine-point-nine stolen right off your boat in the middle of the night despite your best and most ingenious efforts, your dinghy needs to be a good displacement boat with no big wide deep transom dragging its tail behind you. Before you buy the inflatable or the cute little short, wide tri-hull, you better load it to the max and then row it two and a half miles (against the tide). Make sure the oars are cute and short too. After you do that, go borrow somebody's real rowboat and do the same thing. Borrow those nine foot oars too.

But why did you say that it has to be able to plane? So it'll tow well, that's why. Normal pure displacement boats like Whitehalls and double enders tow beautifully behind the big boat when you are going slow, but when the big boat exceeds the hull speed of those kinds of dinghies, they get wild and crazy back there and will soon dart off to one side and turn over and sink and cause you to have to do all kinds of exotic seamanship when you ought to be taking the joy of the fair wind that brought all that speed in the first place.

People have made some cute little dinghies that won't tow worth a poot. Again, I ain't going to name any names, but one famous manufacturer of expensive fiberglass boats built a cute little fat, round bottomed dinghy that could pull an unbelievable wake when towed at six knots. I was on a big boat that towed one of those things once and the cleat that it was made off to was so well fastened to the yacht's stern, that when they got up to about five or six knots, the pull of the dinghy on its half inch nylon painter flexed the fiberglass transom of the yacht so much that it jammed the lazarette lid by pulling the topsides in and distorting the deck enough to lock up the whole works back there. The poor people had to reduce sail to get the charcoal for the bar-be-cue grill.

I studied these things a long time and, for a while, I thought that if you wanted a good easy rowing displacement dinghy, you had to take it on board when you exceeded its hull speed, then I saw some folks who had an aluminum canoe coming along behind a ten knot shrimpboat. Now a canoe is the quintessential displacement boat, ought not to plane, no matter what, but this one did, like a feather, didn't even pull the kinks out of the black 3/8" polypropylene crab trap line that they were using for a painter.

I immediately did some experiments. The flat rockerless keel of a canoe is just enough for it to plane on as long as it is empty. If you load it just a little bit, enough of the round shape is immersed to spoil the planing percentage, and it gets wild and darts off and dives to the bottom (and dumps whatever you were using for the experimental weight like, say, a case of beer). Now we build a lot of little featherlight double enders that will plane docilely along on the painter on their narrow plank keels. I even built a little wineglass sterned displacement boat, with good deadrise all along the run, except for a narrow plank keel that only planed out when it joined the sternpost... planed like a marvel. Shot up a roostertail like a jet ski from the bottom gudgeon on the skeg at about fifteen knots.

How about a regular planing outboard skiff for a dinghy? What if you want a true planing boat and have a world of money to buy all the three dollar gas you want and a credit card to buy another nine point nine any time you need to and you just don't have time to row for miles and miles to do what you want to do when you go cruising? Now you know that the gas is going to give out or the nine point nine is going to poot on you eventually and you don't want to kill yourself when you have to row the damned thing?

I hate to admit it, but that's me and my crew. We love to go long distances in the dinghy. Shoot, my son even took his wife across the tongue of the ocean to Nassau from Andros in our dinghy. We like to anchor up in some place where nobody ever goes and go as far as possible down the coast in each direction in the dinghy. I used to sail in a wonderful little boat with my wife and my tiny tent, but now that I have all these grandchildren and they eat so much, we need to be back to the boat with the stove in it by dark.

I have a regular planing skiff for a dinghy, and it is a real pleasure. With the 9.9 it will run thirteen GPS knots with three people and a bunch of stuff... when we have gas. The places we go, the gas always gives out before it is time to leave and go back to work. Then we row it. It rows just fine. I found out that a long (about sixteen feet) narrow (five feet or so) very light (less than a hundred lbs) skiff with a planing boat configuration to the bottom will work just fine as a displacement boat if you load it light by the stern. When we run out of gas, we just stow the engine and row the boat. Such a boat tows wonderfully well even with the engine on it.

Why is this boat so long? I have seen many people planing along in a boat that was only twelve feet long. Yeah, but it takes a lot of horsepower and gas. There is a rule about planing boats that says, "The longer the boat is, the slower it will be going when it begins to plane, and the less it will take to do it." Once I built a short wide pram with a hydroplane bottom made to plane with about ten horsepower. It did too, but before it finally got around to it, it stood on its wide transom and poked its wide bow to the sky and wallowed around uncontrollably (just like a hydroplane) and then finally leveled out and flew like the wind, at least until the wind got under that butt headed pram bow, then it flopped like a mullet. When I get time and collect up enough money so that I can afford one of our own boats, I am going to build a boat that is both a planing outboard boat, and a rowboat, and a good sailboat, both displacement and planing). Ha.

Why all this emphasis on towing anyway? Because I like to have my dinghy in the water. I like the idea of, when that 5,000lbs of lead ballast snatches that big sailboat out from under us in the pitch dark and stormy night, we'll just cast off and hop in, and there we'll be... us and old *Satisfactory*, ready for the next round. A dinghy more or less strapped down on deck or hanging over the stern on davits is not ready to leave.

I also like to get off the big boat every chance I get. I don't love big boats like I do little ones. You never get anywhere near the pleasure from them as they cost you in pain.

One bottom job cancels out ten good long sails off the wind, putting a bulb in the masthead fixture, three, joker valve (and who was that masked man anyway) two, galled shaft, cracked swage, fouled bilge strainer, electrical problems, worn out stove pump leather, deck leaks, deck leaks, window leaks, oil leaks, fuel leaks, oil change, exhaust hose... Whoo, let me leave this mess, I'll think about all that tomorrow Miss Scarlett, let's don't forget our snorkels.

(To Be Continued)

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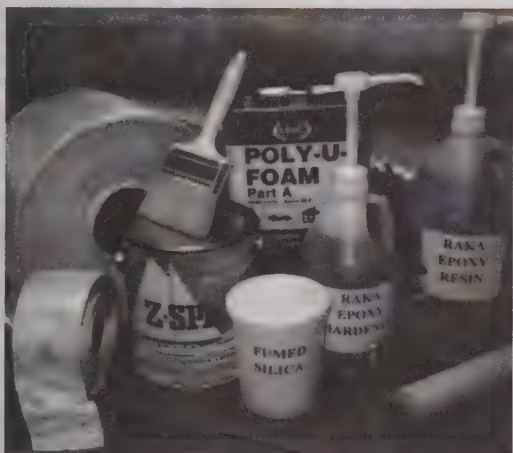


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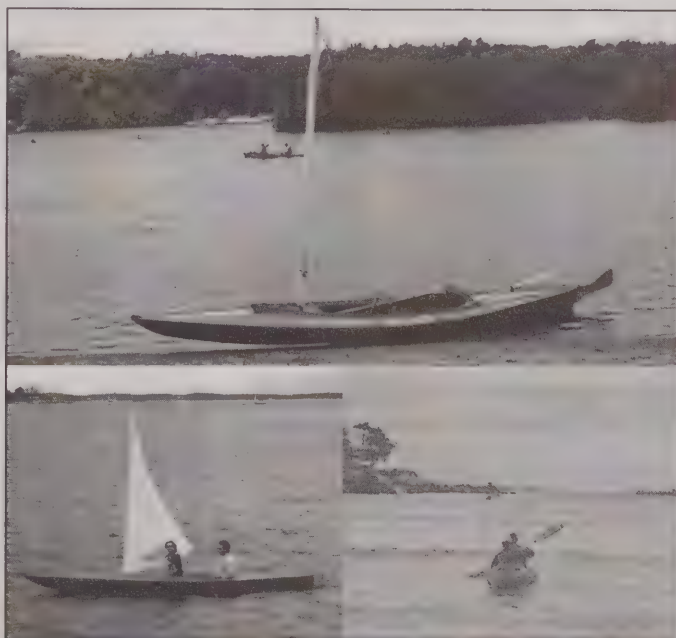
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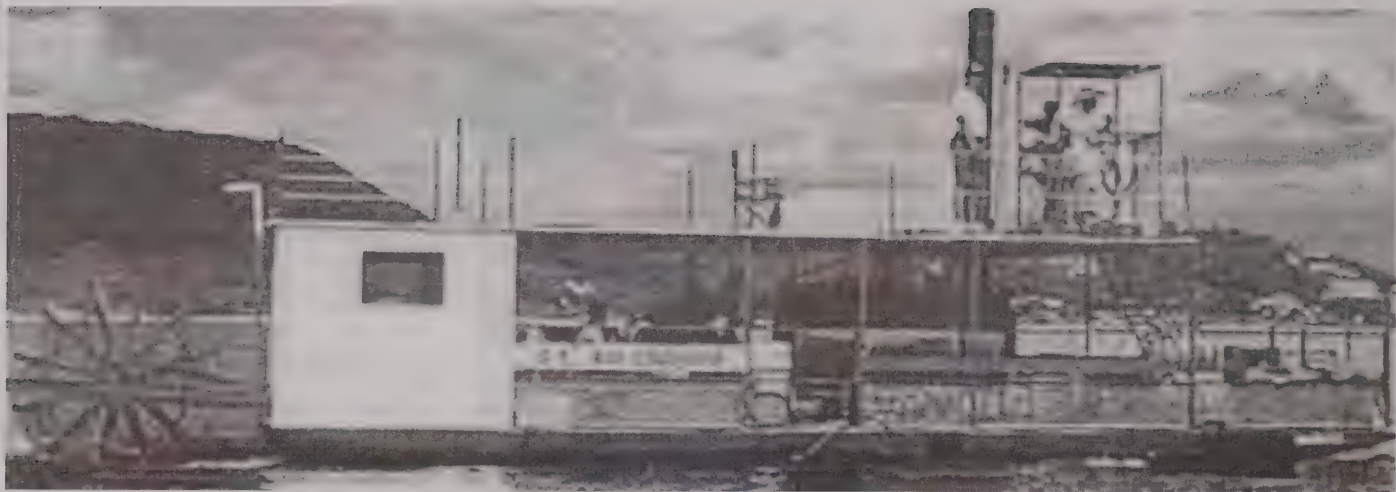


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Colorado

By Robert P. Scripps

I commenced building this 40' x 12' x 2-1/2' steel boat in 1996, with a scow type hull, 1/8" plating, 2" x 2" x 3/16" angle iron for ribs spaced 4', and 1-1/2" x 3/16" strips running lengthwise, and 1/8" deck plate for deck. 8" slope forward and 6" aft on the bottom. The cabin top is marine plywood on square tubing frame. Steering by cables from wheel to tiller shaft, three rudders, and a bow rudder for sharper turning. Monkey rudders would help.

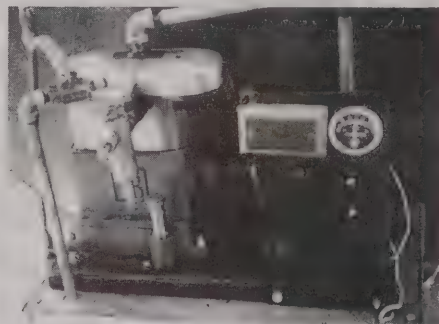
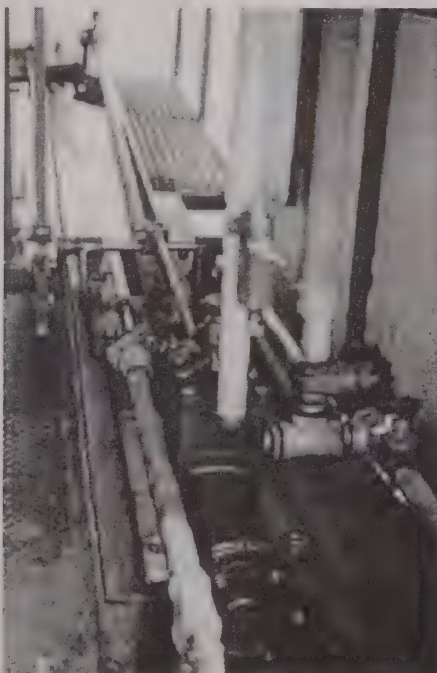
A Dixon horizontal return tube boiler was installed in 1998 to replace a 40-year-old Bryan 100sf water tube boiler. The new boiler, has a 48" x 54" shell, 21" inside diameter furnace, 79 2" tubes, 210sf heating surface, cast iron grates for solid fuel and two Williams type steam atomizing oil burners. The safety valve is set at 180lbs.

The engines are 5" x 20" conventional stern wheel engines with slide valves. The

castings were made by A & A Foundry in San Antonio, Texas, from my patterns. The engines have Stevenson reversing gears with a reverse lever in the pilot house besides a lever by the engines, with the throttle by the engines.


The starboard engine has a crosshead driven 1/2" x 20" displacement pump taking water through the hull to the boiler. The engines can exhaust through scape pipes and the boat also has a keel condenser. The condenser consists of two 3" x 2" x 24' heavy wall tubing welded under the hull that could also act as skids. The exhaust goes into these with condensate going into a hot well on deck and from there to a freshwater tank below deck.

The boiler is fed with a 1/2" high pressure Penberthy injector, and it also has a 3" x 2" x 3" Gardner Denver Duplex pump that can pump water from tank into boiler, or from an overboard hose with foot valve for washing deck or as a fire hose. These pumps are still being made, but very expensive. However you can get parts to rebuild these pumps, and that is what I have. There are also displacement lubricators on the steam lines to each of the engines.



The boat has a 12 volt electric system, a 1.5" x 1.5" x 1.5" high speed steam engine built by Anthony Beaver in England direct driving a 33amp alternator for running and cabin lights and a plug for a searchlight in the pilothouse.

The stern wheel shaft has a 2-1/2" babbitted Dodge bearings, the wheel is 7' diameter and 6-1/2' wide with 12 floats. With 120lbs to 150lbs of steam the wheel turns about 25rpm and can get up to 30rpm but with a lot of vibration. I have never taken an accurate speed recording but it is around 6-8 mph.



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DOLPHIN of EDGARTOWN

6/13/61 Edgartown

In June of 1961 I was sitting in an armchair in the deep, shaded cockpit of the sharpie *Pointer* (described in the last issue) in the anchorage of Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard. It was a pleasant day, but there wasn't much wind and there was fog out in the Sound. I'd come around through Wood's Hole the day before, in thick fog most of the way, and was indulging the singlehander's freedom to change plans on a whim. I had meant to go on to Nantucket, but decided to take a day off from calculating the set of tidal streams.

One incentive to stay put was the presence on a mooring just inshore of me of a classical catboat of the most engaging size and proportions. Her cabin trunk hadn't been lengthened or raised, nobody had docked her boom, and she had all the proper gear that the rig needs to work well; to be reefed without a panic party especially. She'd probably had her sailing degraded by a propeller aperture in her skeg, but if so, it wasn't visible from where sat. I guessed that she was a Crosby product; the various Crosby shops were just across the Sound, and something about the stem profile and the shape of her stern said "Crosby" rather than "Hanley" (around at Monument Beach on Buzzards Bay), or "Shiverick" (in Duxbury on Massachusetts Bay). Of course, she may have been built by any of dozens of boatshops

Bolger on Design Catboat Ruminations

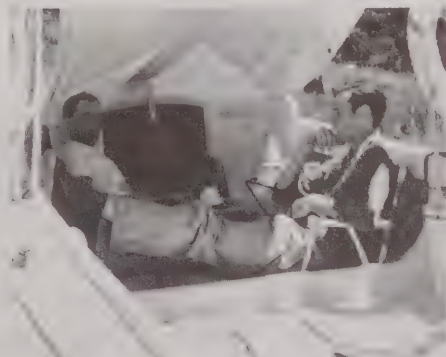
which turned out nice cats, including on the Vineyard itself.

I spent several hours of my day off making this drawing of her, and of the pleasant background of the waterfront of Edgartown just before The Season would open. *Pointer* and *Dolphin* had the anchorage to themselves, except for a big old working catboat without her rig, which was putting down a couple of new mooring posts in anticipation of the crowd expected in July. The scene was like a stage set with no actors; the houses looked inhabited, but the inhabitants were not visible. *Dolphin* was ready to sail but would have to wait a little longer. She reminded me of a house cat sitting still in a window, watching for the patron's return (never say a cat has an owner).

Though *Dolphin* had probably been built as a pleasure boat, she is very close to her working ancestors. The men who went lobstering in boats like this would not have been likely to have the neat sail cover, and she wouldn't have been so clean and unscarred.

And the background would have been quite different, a row of tumbledown and patched-up shacks with rough skiffs, some derelict, on the foreshore. The supergentrified shore of Edgartown nicely symbolized the change from the barn cat hunting mice for a living, to the pampered house cat with all the proper inoculations. The mouser is no longer needed, but she still needs human association, and it is not to be forgotten that she has not lost her mousing skill if there's a chance to use it.

Enjoying *Pointer*'s cockpit with a friend (right) in 1961.





Chuck Leinweber's Jim Michalak design *Caprice* flies 230 sf of polytarp sail.

I've been messing about with polytarp sail construction for about nine years and selling polytarp sail kits under the name of PolySails for over half that time. During that time, I've probably cluttered up my mind with way too much information on polytarp sailmaking, old boats, and online marketing as nearly any visitor to my PolySail website can attest.

To make this proliferation of data even worse, I try to dream up tests for the tarp materials I supply in the kits. I also send out surveys to people who buy kits from me to learn what they think about the polytarp sails they make. Of course this obsession makes a convenient scapegoat for lapses of memory, an overflowing job jar, and a failure to sock away adequate funds to retire even by 90. Fortunately, I have a forgiving wife and a family history of eccentricity to fall back on if I really get desperate for excuses about spending time with polytarp sailmaking.

The gist of what I've learned so far is that some kinds of polytarp make pretty damn good sails for some people who just want to mess about with small boats. Now immediately some readers will think to themselves, "Well, he's just a biased so-and-so who wants to drum up some business," or some similar thought. So I'm going to admit from the outset that enlightened self-interest is 90% of the reason for writing this article and sharing what I've learned is only about 10% of my motivation. After all, retirement is looming; and a part time income from selling sail kits is better than no income at all.

Let me clarify what I mean by "some kinds of polytarp make pretty damn good sails..." Polytarp is generally made from three

Messing About With Polytarp Sails Survey And Test Results

By Dave Gray, HR Solutions/PolySails

to four layers of polyethylene. The inner layer is woven from strands of the same stuff, but the weave can be very loose or fairly tight. Only when the weave is fairly tight is the polytarp material much good for sailmaking. Much of the common blue polytarp that you buy from your friendly home improvement store has only about a 6 x 8 scrim, or weave, per square inch. My white and light gray tarps have at least a 12 x 12 scrim and a 14 x 14 scrim if I can get it. In terms of weight and thickness, the cheap polytarp might be only a 3 mil; 2.5-oz/sq yd. material while the better grade is an 8 mil, 6.0-oz/sq yd material.

Another differentiating factor is color. White and some other light colors of polytarp tend to be U-V (ultra violet ray) treated. Dark colors are not. If you've ever used one of those cheap blue tarps outside for a boat cover for a season (if it holds up that long), you might know what happens when one of those tarps disintegrates. The darker, lightweight tarp tears at a touch and rains down microscopic flakes of tarp that are harder to get rid of than head lice.

On the other hand, a marine firm that supplies the 14 x 14/sq in scrim light-colored tarps to the US Navy has to meet a standard that their tarps will last for at least one year in any

weather conditions. One of my white tarp boat covers is now in its third year with no patches or visible signs of deterioration except that the bright white color has dulled somewhat.

I've attempted to do some backyard tests on the polytarp I offer versus some other plastic types of material other people have tried for sailmaking. One is the popular house wrap Tyvek and the other is a pond liner material that a West Coast business uses in sails and kits they offer. I used a spring loaded fish scale to check stretch on the warp, woft, and diagonal. The polytarp showed the least tendency to stretch each direction.

I also used a 16-penny nail attached to a small postal scale to measure how much force was required to penetrate the materials. The polytarp offered about twice the resistance as the heavier pond liner and considerably more resistance than the house wrap. However, I'd highly recommend keeping all these materials away from sharp objects if you are planning on using them for sails. Of course, I'd follow that recommendation with any sail material unless you just like that patched-up look.

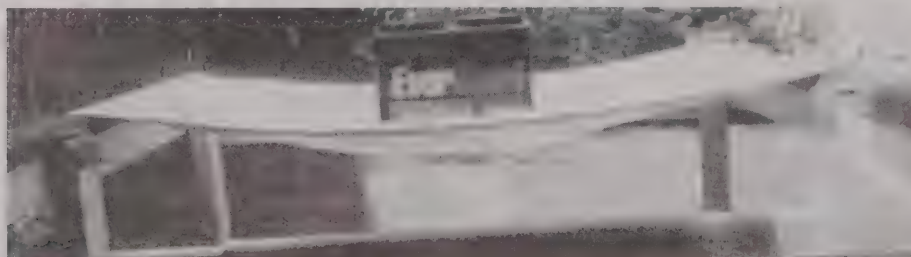
To check the strength of the white polytarp material, I supported a 42lb battery on a 3' x 4' piece of white polytarp that I suspended from a couple of two by fours with six nails, three on each side. If my calculations are correct, the force exerted by the battery is about ten times more than would be exerted on the material by a gale force wind under the Beaufort Scale. Even so, I wouldn't want my customers to test their sails or their luck in that kind of wind. For more detailed information on this particular test as well as other tests I've tried, check my web site at http://hometown.aol.com/polysail/HT_ML/index.htm

Earlier, I qualified my thesis by saying that some kinds of polytarp make good sails for some people. If you are a big boat, long-range ocean cruiser type, or one of those overly serious club or class racers, then polytarp sails are definitely not for you. Similarly, if you are of those *WoodenBoat* aficionados with a fat wallet, a penchant for classic boats, and friends in high places; then tarp sails probably seem like a travesty to you and your commercial sailmaker.

I usually get to talk with people who are buying my kits, unless they simply decide to pay online. Most of the time, I try to find out what kinds of boats they've built or what kind of boat will carry their finished sail(s). Of the folks who buy my kits, it turns out, many are novice builders and sailors. (I have to insert here that messabouts are universally nice people to work with). Their projects are smaller boats with one sail, or at most, a jib and a main.

Inevitably, their boats have unstayed masts they've built themselves, too. I speculate that as these builders get near the end of their initial boat projects, they start calculating how much more they spent than they intended on their boats, and how much they still might have to invest in a functioning sail. That's about the time that many of these folks start seeking out a less expensive alternative and end up calling me.

There also appears to be a group of customers who just want to be able to say that they've constructed everything, including the sail, all by themselves. For some reason, this group of customers seems to be dominated by



professionals, doctors, lawyers, consultants, etc. I'm always a little puzzled about why someone with an MD or PhD attached to the name would want a cheap sail kit. That's one question I probably won't be asking in my surveys, though.

Another group of customers seems to be made up of experimenters. A customer from this group usually buys a kit with the idea of making more than one sail from the material. This customer expects to find the best sail shape(s) for his or her boat, with the idea of developing a completely unique sail and/or upgrading to a "real" sail later.

Recently, Sam Hamlin, a teacher at the Shore Country Day School in Massachusetts, contacted me for material to make nine D-4 sails for the boats his class of 15-year olds had constructed. We were able to work out a deal using the "economics of scale" so that the sails cost considerably less than \$40 each. This was the second school order I've processed, and, as a former teacher myself, I'd like to reach far more of this group of "customers".

For the last two years, I've sent out surveys with self-addressed, stamped envelopes to everyone who purchases these PolySail kits to get feedback on product quality and service. (My real job often involves evaluation projects.) The response rate was a phenomenal 38% last year and 30% (so far) this year. Altogether that means 36 individuals took the time to fill out this survey. (Those numbers should tell readers that this is not a high volume or high profit business (just in case one of you was considering selling polytarp sail kits.) I asked 23 questions in four categories that covered everything from the ordering process to the performance of the finished sails. Customers could also add comments and did not have to respond to all questions, but most did anyway. In the interest of space, I'll try to sum up their responses.

Everyone who responded was very positive about the service and the product. I got high marks in the categories of Price/Value and Ordering, Shipping, Handling, and Packaging. Nearly everyone thought the kit was fairly priced, advertised accurately and fairly, and would consider purchasing another kit if the need arose for a new sail. One customer suggested that I didn't need to include some items that were duplicates of items already owned by most messabouts, such as the utility knife and measuring tape. Another person said he would probably buy all the kit materials locally if he could find the white polytarp. Everyone responded positively to the questions about how we handled their order and questions.

Another category where we asked questions was identified as Instructions/Construction. Here we asked about problems following the generic instructions, construction time, and whether customers stitched or taped their sails. All but two of the customers responded that they had encountered no major problems following the generic instructions or using the kit materials. Of the remaining two customers, one reported problems making the tapes adhere in high humidity areas such as Florida and suggested that we warn others of this potential problem in the instructions.

Another customer indicated that we had allowed too much for the shrinkage of taped edges, reporting that his sail ended up four inches too long along one side. When asked how the instructions could be improved, one

customer recommended more diagrams, while another suggested a short video. Most customers, however, seemed to agree with the people who said, "They worked for me!" or "Instructions were fine."

Construction time was a major variable, depending upon the number and complexity of the sails, and whether the edges were taped or stitched. Most of the fledgling sailmakers reported taping their sails and said the construction time was about 4 hours or about what our ads had led them to expect. One poor fellow reported taking 16 hours to construct a taped jib and main for a 12' dinghy. A couple making a jib and main for a Weekender said it took them a full day to complete. Another man reported 8 hours of construction time. No one else reported over 6 hours construction time. At the opposite end of the spectrum was Steve Bosquette, a customer who reported taping up three sails for his schooner in only two hours. I think that's quite a feat.

The fourth category was identified as Performance/Appearance. I first asked about the kind and size of the sail(s) customers were making. Again, the responses were highly varied. Shipp Webb of Sewanee, TN made a little Leg 'o Mutton sail for his small canoe that couldn't have been much over 10sf. Chuck Leinweber and his wife Sandra, on the other hand, used up a 550sf PolySail Kit to make a 200sf lug main and a 30sf mizzen for *Pearl*, their Jim Michalak-designed Caprice. Sprits, Bermudas, lugs, gaffs, junks, crabclaws, lateens, jibs, mizzens, genoas, spinnakers, our customers have made them all from polytarp.

Occasionally, I'll find that the material was not used for sails at all. Paul Gray noted that he had built a roof for his kids' playhouse. Others have made bimini tops, boat covers, and temporary boatbuilding shelters. Our most common requests, though, are for kits to build sails for the Stephenson Projects' Weekender or one of the many Phil Bolger designs that uses the 59sf Leg 'o Mutton sprit boom sail.

The survey next asked what kinds of boats the sails powered. Once again, the responses were many and varied. Up to the time Chuck Leinweber told me of his plans to use PolySails on his Caprice, all of the boats that I knew carrying PolySails were within our recommended limits of 20' and 1000lbs. I think that, as sailed, Chuck's boat was pushing those limits at 25' and about 1300lbs with three crew aboard. Smaller Bolger designed boats, such

as the Brick, Teal, Featherwind, and Surf are among the more popular boats using PolySails. Jim Michalak's designs also carry their share of polytarp.

However, PolySails have also been constructed for a 14' Lund fishing boat, a 14' West Wight Potter, an 11' Capri, a customer-designed 19-1/2' sharpie, and a 20' Trimward(?) Kayak. While I have yet to get a response from catamaran owners, I know several kits have been ordered for cats as well. Each call, it seems, broadens the list of applications that are possible. The limits of the material are still being tested, with doubled polytarp offering further possibilities for heavier boats.

When we asked if the sail performed as well as the customer expected, the answers were nearly all positive from those who had actually had a chance to try their sails (some northern customers who responded were still ice-bound when the surveys went out). One first timer reported a "hard experience", but that was our only negative response. Some sailors said the performance was "fine", "better than expected", "exceeded my expectations", or "surprisingly effective". Most simply answered, "yes".

A similar question asked if the sail measured up to their expectations in appearance, and whether they had received any comments from others. Again, most responses were positive. The fellow from Florida who had trouble with the tape adhering offered the only outright "no" response. Others would probably agree with Don Williams of Olympia, WA who responded, "Yes. However, I was not able to make it wrinkle-free 100%." Other comments ranged from, "That's a tarp!" to "Could not tell that they were not Dacron." One man

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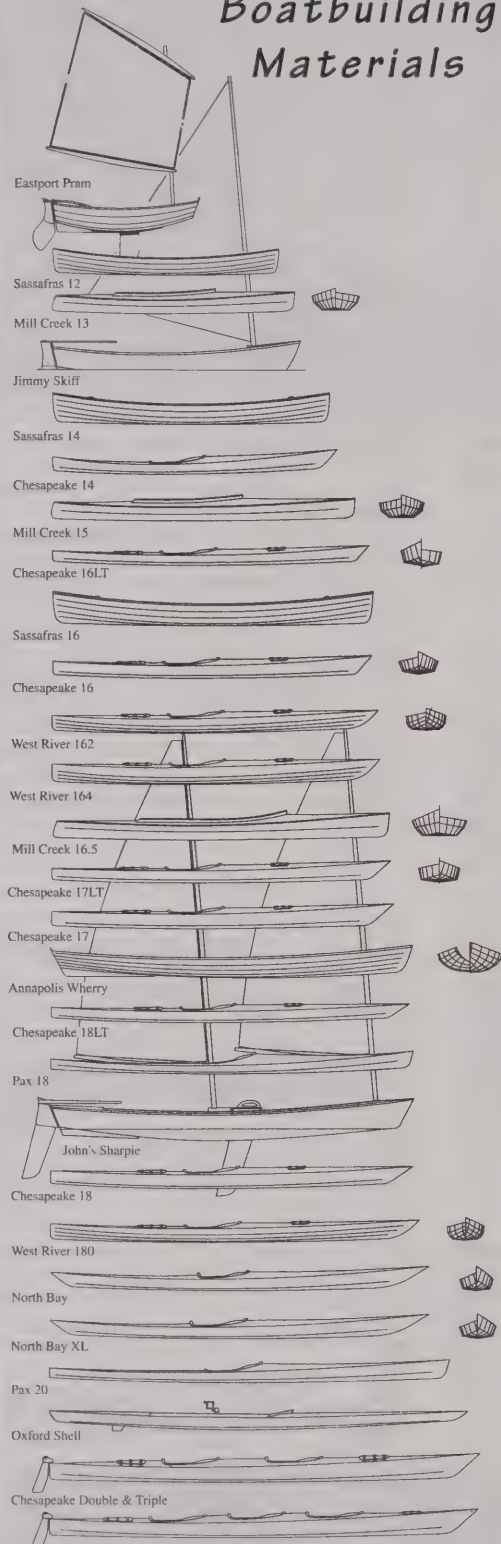
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stated, "It looks great. It would be perfect if sewn." Another said, "Appearance is good. May be heavier than necessary, but I don't know if lighter material would hold up." Another customer said, "People are stunned that I made them myself."

Only a few of our customers were sailors experienced enough to respond to the question about whether PolySails were comparable in performance to commercially made sails. Five who did respond replied "yes" to the question; however, one of the five qualified his response with "...relative to price/value".

I also asked questions about the adhesion of the tapes used in construction and the overall durability of the sail. It was clear from five of the customer responses that the vinyl tape tends to lift after a period of time. How soon that happens depends a great deal on the location of the customer, the relative humidity, how the sails were stored, how often the sails were used, whether the sails got wet, and other factors.

One customer responded, "I regret not stitching the sail. After wet storage, the vinyl tape edges came undone." Another said, "The vinyl tape did not stick all that well. I would have liked it to be wider." Still another customer reported, "Tape has let go in last four months since sail construction." Two other customers whose projects (not sails) were constantly exposed to the elements reported that the doublefaced tape failed after a year of exposure. However, most of the builders, including four of the ones that reported troubles with the tapes, responded "yes" when asked if the sails were as durable and long lasting as they expected. "Only used one season, but seems fine," was the description by one customer. Another commented, "Hasn't fallen apart yet," while still another customer said, "Tape stayed put, even though we didn't sew the sail." The man in the middle seems to be the fellow who said, "Vinyl held almost all season."

I recognize that the vinyl tape presents some adhesion problems, as does the double-faced tape offered in the kits. However, our backyard tape tests demonstrated that only a very, very expensive tape offered better adhesion than the vinyl tape we were using. Of four double-faced tapes we tested, the brand we supply held best in our weather conditions. Stitching the sail perimeter still offers the best long-range results, but taping is great for getting a new boat out on the water or trying out a different sail plan.

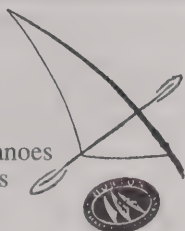
For people who like to mess about with homebuilt sailboats, polytarp sails offer an inexpensive, easily constructed means of powering a boat. As Emeliano Marino, author of *The Sailmaker's Apprentice*, wrote, "Perfectly acceptable dinghy sails can be made from Tyvek, polyethylene tarp, London Fog raincoat material, bag nylon, or tent canvas, not to mention old sails. Tarp or Tyvek sails may be taped together and require no sewing." If my surveys are representative of just my customers' views, there might well be over 100 polytarp sailmakers from the USA, Canada, and Australia who agree with this veteran sailmaker. And judging from the number of hits on my website instructions, there could be hundreds more.

(If you want to try your hand at making a polytarp sail, see the instructions on my website at <http://hometown.aol.com/polysail/HTML/instructions.htm> or call me to order a kit at (317) 915-1454.)



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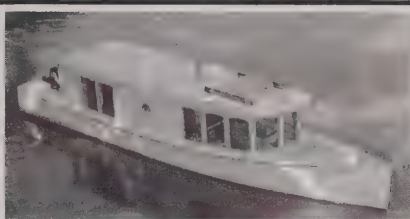


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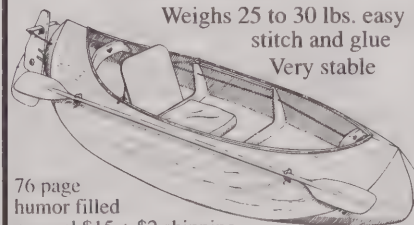
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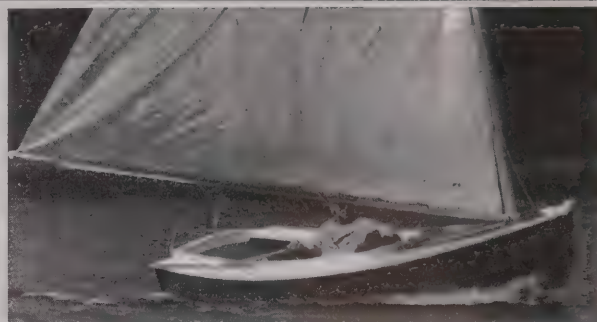


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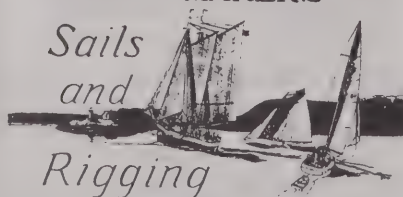
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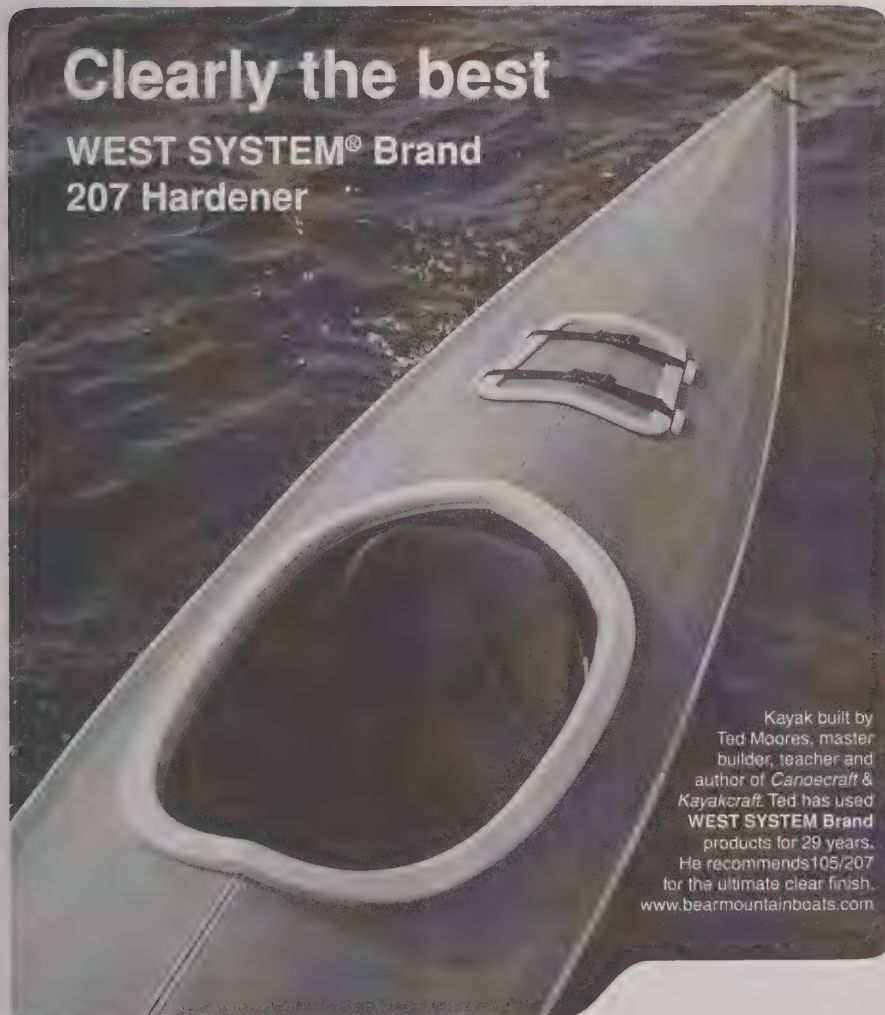
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DAVID WELLS, Wolfeboro, NH, (603) 569-6685, <wells@wsbtech.com> (3)



Two Adirondack Goodboats (what are they? Look at www.adirondackgoodboat.com). **Bodid II**, once on the cover of this magazine. This unique Adirondack Goodboat specially built for composer, poet, teacher (Carnegie-Mellon Institute), and bass trombonist (of the Pittsburgh Symphony) Byron McCulloh. For his last season of using her, Byron had me restore her thoroughly. She has sponsons, a bowsprit for a jib set flying, a taller, hollow mast and larger mainsail (there's also a storm sail), and larger leeboard and rudder. Drop-in sliding seat and Swiss sculls. Caribbean blue out, gray inside. W/ customized trlr & cover, a sacrifice at \$3,000 (photos on the website). **Wake Robin**, a standard Adirondack Goodboat in as-new condition, newly painted in Epifanes light green outside & varnished inside, w/beautiful red cedar interior, W/trlr, cover, bow flotation bag, PFDs, S & T spoonblades, sail rig w/scarcely used Douglas Fowler lug-sail, and a scarcely used Nissan 3.5 hp, \$4,500. WO/ sailing rig, \$3,500.

MASON SMITH, Adirondack Goodboat, Long lake, NY, (518) 624-6398, <mason@telenet.net> (3)



Beetle Cat, classic, fiberglass over wood hull. New flrbs and CB, w/fresh varnish & white paint, green bottom paint & green deck paint. Also new green compl canvas cover, & alum trlr. Motor bracket. White sail, rigging vy sound. Beige canvas mooring cover. Ready for the water. In Newbury, MA on trlr. \$12,000 OBO.

JOEL PLASTRIDGE, Essex, MA, (978) 768-1125. (2)

21' Planing Daysailer, designed for performance & blt as prototype for new class. Sophisticated design features rotating mast stepped on deck, mid-ships traveler, airfoil section board & rudder, yet it is a boat & not a sailing machine. Fair & smooth hull intended to be used as plug. Wood-core FG constr, alum spars, Hood sails, trlr. \$3,000. MAT LEUPOLD, Wayland, MA, (508) 358-4897. (2)

16' Golden Eye Kayak, beautiful, fast & stable boat. Asking only \$450. WIL SMITH, Cape May, NJ, (609) 884-1803. (2)

23' Birdwatcher, '96 Phil Bolger design. Lauan mahogany ply w/1" marine fir bottom w/West System @ epoxy, SS fittings. Professionally blt. Galv trlr, 3.5hp Chrysler OB, porta-potti, oars, row box/ seat, many extras. All in gd cond. A ltwt shallow draft cabin/cockpit sailboat, one of Bolger's favorite designs. Asking \$3,900. STEPHEN ANDERSEN, Estes Park, CO, (970) 586-2787. (2)

18' Herreshoff America Catboat, FG '91, 15hp electr strtr Johnson in well, galv trlr. All round gd cond. \$5,800. ED HAMMER, Newbury, MA, (978) 465-0736. (3)

15' Potter, '91. Colored sails in new cond, lights, rails, pulpit, brass footsteps on transom, multiple other dittys. Lightly used. Tlr is exc w/new tires & bearings. \$4,000 firm. Can bring to Portland if needed. BILL WEYMOUTH, 516 Martin Woods, Palermo, ME 04354, <weymouth1@larck.net> (2)

13' Chamberlain Dory, lovely wooden boat, 4 oars, sprit rig, motor, trlr. \$1,200 OBO. NEVILLE WOODRUFF, Grand Jct, CO, (207) 781-8270. (3P)

Alden Ocean Rowing Shell, 18' dble model (can also be used as a single), in gd cond, incl refinished oars & dolly wheels. Asking \$1,500.00. DAVE NALLET, Keene, NH, (603) 355-1194. (3)



14' RKL Little Rangeley Guideboat, dark blue Airex hull w/buff interior. A show stopper w/lots of teak & brass. Piantadosi removable sliding seat w/ laminated spoon blade sweeps & Shaw & Tenney spoon oars w/bronze oarlocks & leather collars. Folding anchor & custom cover. Barely used, must see. Delivery possible. \$2,750.
DAN BOLBROCK, Rochester, NY, (716) 720-1799, <ralphy2100@aol.com> (2)

Herreshoff Design Dinghy, 12' x 51", hand blt of pine/oak, bronze/copper fasteners, 2 rowing stations, oars, trlr. \$1,200.
A. BEAULIEU, Somersworth, NH, (603) 742-4004, <abeaulieu@peoplepc.com> (2P)

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BOB COLE, Orangedale, FL, (904) 284-2063. (2)

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ROBERT SCULL, Wicomico Church, VA, (804) 580-7402. (3P)

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CARPENTER'S BOAT SHOP, Pemaquid, ME, (207) 677-3768. (3P)



Westerly Nomad, 22', tri-keels, MD1 diesel engine, 3 sails (main, genoa on jib furler, spinnaker), Trowbridge trlr. In gd. cond. Located Nantucket Island, MA, \$6,000 US.
FRED HEAP, Nantucket, MA, (508) 228-9904, <FFHEAP@yahoo.com> (3)

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KARL MULLER, Toast, NC, (276) 728-3447. (2)

Mad River Canoe, Guide model, in Royalex.
JOHN HESLIP, Silver City, NM, (505) 538-5881, <heslip@zianet.com> (2)

Grumman Sportboat.
ART BRUNT, P.O. Box 1295, Wolfeboro, NH 03894, (603) 569-4948. (3)

Sunfish, or similar fun, family boat for small lake in New England. Can make repairs.
JOHN LARRABEE, E. Orland, ME, (207) 469-2670 after 6pm EST. <johnbl53@yahoo.com>. (3)

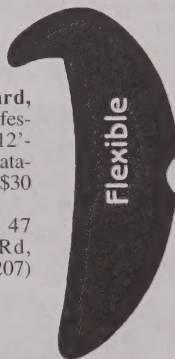
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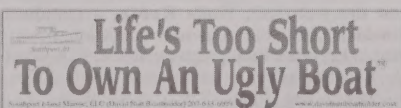
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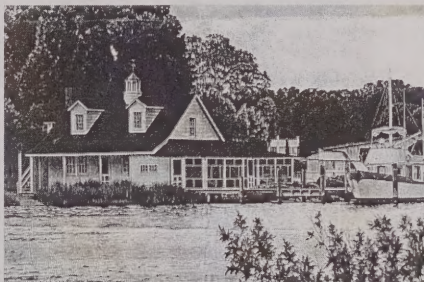
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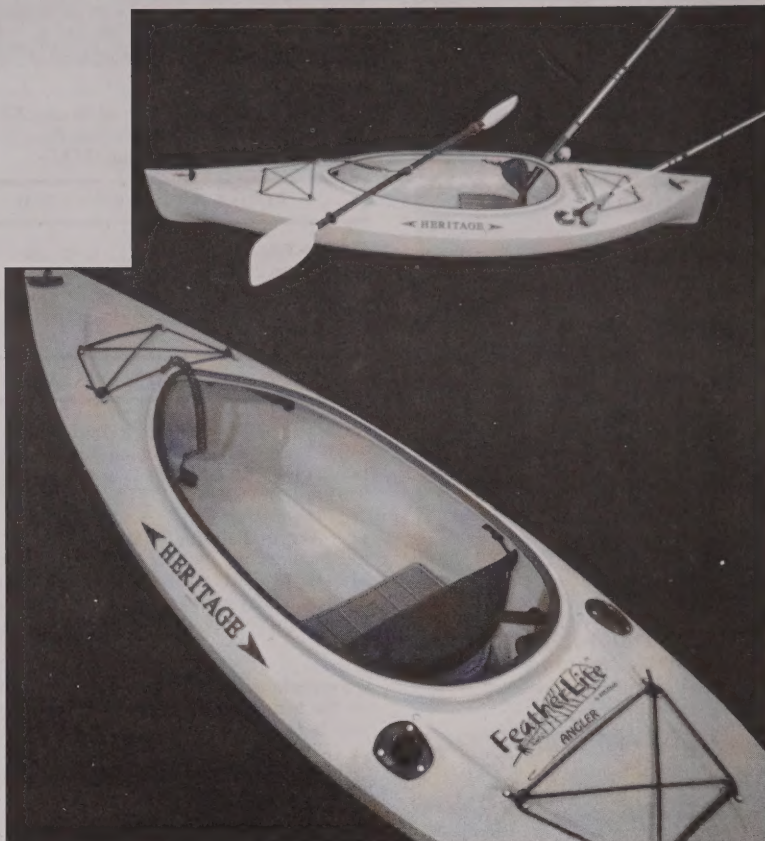
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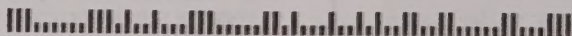
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